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**I. Capone — COMMENTATIONES**  
**AD CHAUCERUM — Accedunt: ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ**

**ΣΤΡΑΚΟΥΣΕΙΑΙ Η ΑΔΩΝΙΑΖΟΥΣΑΙ. ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ ΙΕ'. ΟΔΥΣ-**  
**ΣΕΙΑΣ Θ. ΟΔΥΣΣΕΩΣ ΣΥΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΟΣ ΦΑΙΑΚΑΣ. ΑΡΙΣΤΟ-**  
**ΦΑΝΟΥΣ ΣΦΗΚΕΣ, ΙΠΠΗΣ, ΘΕΣΜΟΦΟΡΙΑΖΟΥΣΑΙ. ΙΔΙΑΔΟΣ**  
**Ε. ΔΙΟΣ ΑΠΑΘΗ. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖**

**I.**

*Anglia Chaucerum veneratur nostra poetam,  
 cui veneres debet patria lingua suas.*

*Linguam quæ patriam redegit illam in formam.*

**Leland**

*Breezes are blowing in old Chaucer's verse*

**Alexander Smith**

**IN AEDIBUS G. Maltese — Modica**  
**MDCCCCIII**

*In preparazione:*

G. CAPONE

# TALIESIN

*Assaggi di critica della letteratura gaelica.*



*Taliesin, bardo gaelico del VI secolo, giunse trasfigurato dalla leggenda a mezzo il secolo XII, cui parve rivelazione massima del genio cimbrico.*

Tentò la critica di spigolare e sceverare, di tra la copiosa fioritura leggendaria, senza però fermar nulla; pare che oramai si accordi a ritenerlo figlio del bardo Henwg; a crederlo istruito da fanciullo a la scuola di Cattweg, ove vuolsi che abbia avuto a camerata Gildas, per divenire istruttore poscia di Elphin, uno dei figli del duce Urien che capitano i Cimbri settentrionali contro Ida ed i suoi Angli e, morto costui, contro i di lui figli e nipoti e fu, non più tardi de l'anno 579, proditoriamente spento da Morcaut, altro duce Cimbrico, ne l'isola di Lindisfarne, presso le foci del Tweed, ove egli aveva stretto Teodorico, figlio di Ida, d'assedio.

Ma la leggenda prosegue tessendo la vita avventurosa del bardo e giunge fino a noi in illusione malcerta di luce storico-biografica.

Aneurin, bardo suo coetaneo che sacro il suo canto a le speranze e vittorie cimbriche contro gli Angli, dice:

**Io canto, auspice Taliesin che mi rivela i suoi pensieri o nemi di poesia disserra sul Gododin, prima de l'alba del chiaro giorno.**

Leggendo quei che si reputano i canti suoi autentici, pervenuti fino a noi più o meno scorretti e rimaneggiati, raffiche di poesia ci recano le grida d'una clade cruenta o d'un'apoteosi lontana alterne.

Gino Capone



I. Capone — COMMENTATIONES  
AD CHAUCERUM — Accedunt: ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

ΣΥΡΑΚΟΥΣΕΙΑΙ Η ΑΔΩΝΙΑΖΟΥΣΑΙ. ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ ΙΕ'. ΟΔΥΣ-

ΣΕΙΑΣ Θ. ΟΔΥΣΣΕΩΣ ΣΥΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΟΣ ΦΑΙΑΚΑΣ. ΑΡΙΣΤΟ-

ΦΑΝΟΥΣ ΣΦΗΚΕΣ, ΠΙΠΗΣ, ΘΕΣΜΟΦΟΡΙΑΖΟΥΣΑΙ. ΙΔΙΛΛΟΣ

Ξ. ΔΙΟΣ ΑΠΑΘΗ. † † † † † † † † † † † †

I.

*Anglia Chaucerum veneratur nostra poetam,  
cui veneres debet patria lingua suas.*

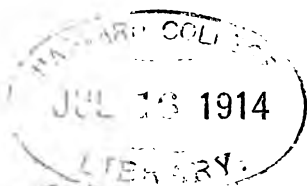
*Linguam qui patriam redegit illam in formam.*

Leland

*Breezes are blowing in old Chaucer's verse*

Alexander Smith





*Lane fund  
(2 vols.)*

*My maister, Chaucer, with his fressh comedies,  
Chaucer, mio maestro, con le sue fresche comedie,  
is dead alas! chefe poete of Bretayne,  
è morto ahimè! il primo poeta d'Inghilterra,  
tha' sometyne made full pitous tragedies,  
che talvolta vergò ben commoventi tragedie;  
the fall of Princes he dyde also complayne,  
la caduta di re egli pur lamentò,  
as he that was of making soverayne,  
come quegli ch'era ne la creazione sovrano,  
whom all this lande of right oughte preferre,  
e che l'Inghilterra aben ragione dovrebbe levare a cielo  
sihe of our langage he was the lode s'erre.  
lui che de la lingua inglese fu la stella polare.*

**John Lydgate**

To GIACOMO BARZELLOTTI,

Professore appo la R. Università di Napoli

*Si*

An introductory sketch of mine to the History of English Literature was published in the year 1898 at Gaeta, and followed in the year 1900 by its first volume — *Origins* — which I considered my duty, in grateful acknowledgment of your many proofs of sympathy and kindness, at the University of Naples, towards me, a young poor unknown scholar, to dedicate you with the following letter. I reprint here for record of a happy time that will not be forgotten by me, even at the grave.

*Illustre Professore, questo tenue opuscolo che tenta in piccioletta prosa, di rievocare in iscorecio, nel breve lampo d'una fugace visione storico-rappresentativa, di tra lo sdrucio de la fitta nuvolaglia che li attornia, li spiriti e le forme de la primitiva letteratura inglese, viene a recarle memore il saluto d'un suo antico affettuoso scolare.*

*Ella che, primio nell' Ateneo Napoletano, lasciò balenare al mio sguardo attonito il laborioso travaglio, a traverso cui letteratura e filosofia emergono, come Teti da l'Egeo, non vorrà, mi auguro, disdegnare queste povere pagine che, mostrando come in torbo aer greve balzi bollente d'igneo vigore, dal sottosuolo politico sociale, la letteratura anglica primitiva, fievole pur morimorano l'eco delle sue dotte geniali lubbrazioni intorno l'opera de la filosofia inglese che, venuta a la sua ora giusta, penetra, scosse, plasma, dietro di sè traendo, come di lume fiammante un solco.*

This is the eighth volume (1) of a series designed to tell, as exhaustively I can, the history of English Literature.

If I should have my own way, with such an aid as a town public library may afford, I could lastly finish this work so begun.

But, alas ! I am no longer able to continue it here at **Modica**, and the fulfilment of it, which is the chief task of my life, in my mature old years, entirely depends on being allowed, after so many years of professional service here, a cell in some other Royal Technical Institute in a larger town than **Modica**.

I trust, Sir, to your kind, earnest, hearty support, that is all what lies still before me of yearning and hope.

I am, Sir, yours very truly.

Modica, January 1st 1903.

**G. Capone**

- 
- (1) I. *English Literature* — Sketches by Gino Capone — Gaeta, 1898.  
II. *Art and Life* — Sketches by G. Capone — Gaeta, 1900.  
III. *Storia della Letteratura inglese* — Le Origini — Gaeta, 1900.  
IV. *Saggi di Storia della letteratura e filologia inglese* — Gaeta 1900.  
V. *I poemi minori di Chaucer* — Saggio critico — Modica, 1900.  
VI. *Letteratura comparata anglo-italiana* — Dante ne la Poesia inglese — Modica, 1900.  
VII. *Prolegomeni alle novelle di Canterbury di Goffredo Chaucer* — Modica, 1901.  
VIII. *Commentationes ad Chaucerum* — Modica, 1903.

## *Al Lettore,*

..... se per avventura gli viene a le mani e, capilandogli, si curi di sfogliarlo e, sfogliandolo, arresti il suo sguardo, d'aquila o di lince che sia, su questo libriccino, chieggo venia de l'aver dov'u'o, per difetto d'ingegno e di biblioteche da consultare, far ciò che potetti meno male.

*Memoro fugacemente quì in calce in ordine cronologico*

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[1] Prima edizione del Caxton, stampata senza titolo o data nel 1478.—Seconda edizione del Caxton stampata, come congettura M.r Blades, nel 1484.—Ristampa della stessa per opera di Wynken de Worde nel 1495. — Novella edizione dello stesso col « Trattato circa gli Dei e le Dee » del Lydgate nel 1498. — Ristampa de la seconda edizione del Caxton per Richard Pynson, senza data. — Novella Edizione per Richard Pynson con aggiunte, 1526. — Le opere di Chaucer per William Thynne, Th. Godfray, London, 1582.—Ristampa con « la novella del Bifolco » John Raynes, Londra, 1542. — Ristampa con « L'assedio di Tebe » di J. Lydgate per J. Stow, Londra, 1561. — Novella edizione col « Sogno » ed « Il fiore e la foglia » per Th. Specht, 1597. — Ristampe successive: Londra, Adam Islip, 1602. Londra, 1687, folio. — Nuova Edizione con tre novelle aggiunte per John Urry, Londra, 1721. — Edizioni successive pel D.r Thomas Morell, 1737, e per G. Ogle, 1741. — Nuova edizione de le novelle di Canterbury per Thomas Tyrwhitt, Londra, 1775-8. — Ristampe successive, 1798-1822-1830-1845, ed e-

*le varie Edizioni Chauceriane a me note [1] ed i pochi altri libri, omissi nel precedente saggio di Bibliografia Chauceriana, di cui mi giovai [2].*

*Nel levare infine la mano da quest'o breve studio critico-esegetico-filologico, mi sia lecito notare che, sebbene finito di pubblicare solo oggi, desso fu da tempo parecchio iniziato e la prima parte finita di stampare, prima che mi fosse dato di leggere il pregevole volume del D.r C. Chiarini.*

*Ora io non dissimulo che il volume del D.r C. Chiarini*

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dizioni successive curate da N. Harris, 1845, da T. Wright, 1847, dal D.r Morris, 1866 — Edizione principe, dove mettono capo tutte le altre successive, del testo di sei manoscritti, a colonne parallele, cioè: l' Ellesmere, l' Hengwrt, il Cambridge Univ. Lib., il Corpus Christi Coll. Oxford, il Petworth, il Lansdowne, curata da Frederick J. Furnivall, Cambridge, 1864-7.

[2] **Baret** — Les Troubadours et leur influence sur la littérature ecc. — **Bartoli** — I precursori del Boccaccio, Firenze, 1876. — **Chiarini** — Dalle Novelle di Canterbury, Bologna, 1897. — **Cralk** — History of English Literature, London, 1895. — **Dunlop** — History of Prose Fiction, London, 1868. — **Hortis** — Studio su le opere latine del Boccaccio. — **Laudan** — Die Quellen des Decameron. — **Longfellow** — Poetical Works, London. — **Mammoth** — G. Chaucer, seine Zeit and seine Abhängigkeit von Boccaccio, Berlin, 1872. — **Macaulay** — History of England, Leipzig — **Ritson** — Metrical romances — **Rogers** — The economic interpretation of history, 1894 — **Ruskin** — Modern Painters, London 1898. — **Varnhagen** — Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn and ihre Quellen, 1884 — **Ward H.** — Notes to the six text edition of the Canterbury Tales — **Warton** — History of English Poetry,

avrebbe conferito ad una più retta e sicura intelligenza ed interpretazione del testo e mi parrebbe peggio che ingiusto ora, se *qui* in calce non naverassi i passi che credo egli abbia tradotto meglio di *me* [3].

Questo breve volumetto fa seguito al mio saggio critico « **I poemi minori di Goffredo Chaucer** » che ormai dopo due anni, da che fu pubblicato, a detergerlo da una cotale gromma di vecchiume, andrebbe ritoccato, corretto o magari rifatto di pianta.

Ne tocco incidentalmente, non perchè presuma qui rabcerciario, ma sol per notare che circa l'autenticità di alcuni

---

London, 1896.— **Westenholz**—Die Grieseldissage in der Literatur Geschichte — **Wesselofsky** — Griselda.— **Wright** — Anecdota literaria.

- |     |     |       |   |          |  |
|-----|-----|-------|---|----------|--|
| [3] | 1   | verso | — shoures [showers]   | traduce: | piogge.  |
|     | 6   | "     | — inspired hath   | "        | sfiara.  |
|     | 76  | "     | — bismotered [besmuted]   | "        | macchiata dalla ruggine.                       |
|     | 60  | "     | — aryve [armee]   | "        | armate.  |
|     |     |       | [M.r Skeat però nota che non dà buon senso e deriva forse da falsa grafia.] |          |  |
|     | 104 | "     | — a sheef of pocok ecc.   | "        | un fascio di frecce adorne di penne di pavone. |
|     | 151 | "     | — pynched [pleated]   | "        | appuntato.                                     |
|     |     |       | M.r Taine traduce: «sa guimpe est bien ajustée»                             |          |  |
|     | 192 | "     | — for no cost wolde he spare—   | traduce: | non ci avrebbe rinunciato ad alcun costo.      |
|     | 202 | "     | —a forneys of a leed—   | traduce: | camino d'una fornace.                          |
|     | 205 | "     | —as a forpynd goost—  | traduce: | l'animo tormentato.                            |
|     |     |       | Io, più letteralmente, traduco: come uno spettro cruciato.                  |          |  |

*passi della traslazione Chauceriana del Romanzo de la Rosa è surto anche a me — a misura che son venu'a rileggendola e, dirò così, centellinandola — qualche dubbio.*

Dessa, a cominciare ad un dipresso dal verso 1705 — giusta l'avviso di Skeat e Kaluza — fino al verso 5810, non appartiene al Chaucer. Mark H. Liddell la ritiene un'interpolazione d'uno scrittore nordico posteriore. Però, ne la « Leggenda de le buone donne » — verso 441 — si accenna chiaramente ad un brano contenuto infra i versi 4252-4266 — il che mostrerebbe che almeno fino a quel punto il Chaucer fosse giunto nella versione.

*Tanto dico che possa tornare in men biasimo di me e del mio qualunqueasi volumetto.*

*Schiaffato qui, senza mia aspettazione o richiesta, ad insegnare quel tanto di grammatica inglese che si reputa possa bastare a giovani licenziati de l'istituto tecnico, io potrei tirar via, come molti fanno, e starmene con le mani in mano, durante le lunghe intermesse ore d'ozio scolastico, o magari potrei fare l'avvocato o il cavadenti — ci guadagnerei almeno qualcosa. Io no. Preferisco scioccamente ostinarmi a scrivere di letteratura e filologia per gente che ha ben altro pel capo, che non ci bada affatto, che vuole soprattutto non rodersi il capo, pensando.*

*Egli è come se altri si pigliasse la scesa di capo di far ingollare un buon grosso boccone di risotto con tartufi a Cinesi che sogliono mangiare il riso con lo stecchino.*

*Vale, lettore mio paziente e benevolo, e grazie del tuo interessamento per studi che il governo che pur dovrebbe, è impotente, non dirò a sovvenire, ma a promuovere ed accalorare.*

*Modica, li 30 Gennaio 1902.*

*Gino Capone*

## COMMENTATIONES CHAUCERIANÆ



ἦ ῥά νιν αἱ Μοῦσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἠγάπευν Ἀπόλλων,  
Well the Muses and the Delian Apollo loved him,

ὥς ἑμμελής τ' ἔγεντο κήπιδέξις  
as he delicious and skilful was

ἔπεά τε ποιεῖν . . . . .  
to poetize . . . . .

Εἰς Ἀρχίλοχον. 10'—Θεοκρίτου Ἐπιγράμματα.



*And I come after, glenyng here and there,*  
 Ed io vengo dopo, spigolando qua e là,  
*And am ful glad if I may fynde an ere*  
 lieto, se m'avviene di svegliare un'eco dormente  
*of any goodly word that ye han left.*  
 di qualche buona parola da voi lasciata.

**Chancer—Prologue to the Legend of good women**

Second Version B—75-77.

εἴαρι χρυσεῖω, κρυερῶν νεφέων ἔλατῃρι,  
 in the golden spring — the cold clouds 'driver—  
 . . . . .

ὅπποτε γαῖα βροτοῖσι φυτηκομέουσι γέγηθεν  
 when er:th to men, fond of plantations, is glad,  
 ὅπποτε καὶ καλύκεσσι καὶ ἄνθεσιν ἄμματα λύει.  
 when it both to calyxes and flowers the bonds opens.

Οππιάνου κυνηγετικῶν, βιβλίον πρῶτον—119-122-3:

*And if it hap that . . . . .*

E se avviene

*my mas'er, Geoffrey Chaucer, thou mee',*  
 ch'il mio maestro, Goffredo Chaucer, tu abbia ad incontrare,  
*then . . . speak the words:*  
 allora, di le parole:

*O mas'er, o thou great of heart and tongue . . . .*  
 O maestro, o tu grande di cuore e lingua . . . .

**William Morris, Poems.**

## I

Vividly significant, Chaucer's prologue opens with a cheerful spring-tide picture — cool and fresh and fragrant.—

Curious weft of many a gay, sensuous pagan thread — (rain-awakened flowers (1), and waters rejoicing, ærial hue, nature charms — mixed with a pervading vein of religious feeling) — Chaucer's prologue lulls and gratifies both our imagination and senses.

I cannot find anything more wholesomely living, more full of pleasure loving spirit and physical power to compare to Chaucer's prologue than the fifteenth Idyll of Theocrit.

Both fall of themselves into the dramatic, and a striking common levity of humour, and joy of homely life are utterly noticeable, and a naturalness too in such a way, as you do not perceive any strain of premeditated art at all.

I will give them both in english prose, keeping still closely to the text, and adding, by and by, a few tags to fill the corners out and a few explanatory foot-notes — literary and philological. —

Short and simple is the subject of Theocrit's Idyll, neatly showing the peculiar temper, in which it was written — a sharp sensitiveness to the smiling loveliness of nature — a by no means unimaginative sensuality and fondness of wealthy, inexhaustible, homely pleasures—no grievous thought, no future fore-sorrow for coming days, but a fluent light of joy, wholesomeness and hope.—

A Syracusan woman, Gorgo by name, animated with religious feeling, comes over to her friend Praxinoë's abode, to fetch her out, and lead her to King Ptolomey's golden mansion.

---

(1) **Shelley** — *To a skylark*.

Thus the idyll runs, the two women talking lightly:

Γόργω — Ἐνδοῖ Πραξινοά;

**Gorgo** — Is Praxinoe at home?

Πραξινοά — Γορροῖ φίλα, ὡς χρόνῳ ἐνδοῖ.

**Praxinoe** — Gorgo dear, at length. Lo! here I am.

Θαῦμ' ὅτι καὶ νῦν ἦνθες. ὄρη δίφρον, Εὐνόα, αὐτᾷ.

Strange thou came just now. Fetch her a chair, Eunoe.

ἔμβαλε καὶ ποτίκρανον.

\* and a pad too.

Γόργω — ἔχει κάλλιστα.

**Gorgo** — I am cushioned already.

Πραξινοά — καθεῖςεν.

**Praxinoe** — Sit down.

Γοργω — ὦ τᾷς ἀλεμάτω ψυχᾷς· μόλις ὕμιν ἐσώθην,

**Gorgo** — O vain soul! hardly unto thee I escaped,

Πραξινοά, πολλῶ μὲν ὄχλῳ, πολλῶν δέ τε θρίππων.

Praxinoe, across the streaming throng, and many chariots.

παντᾷ κρηπίδες, παντᾷ χλαμυδηφόροι ἄνδρες.

Everywhere boots, everywhere chlamidate men;

ἀ δ' ὁδὸς ἄτρυτος, τὴ δ' ἐκαστοτέρῳ ἔμ' ἀποικεῖς.

the road cannot be crossed, thou too far off from me abidest.

Πραξινοά — Ταῦθ' ὁ πάραρος τῆνος ἐπ' ἔσχατα γὰς

ἔλαβ' ἐνθῶν

**Praxinoe** — Therefore that mad-brain to the end of the earth  
led me,

ἱερόν, οὐκ οἴκησιν, ὅπως μὴ γείτονες ὦμες

to a cavern, not to a house, lest we might be neighbours

ἀλλάλαις, ποτ' ἔριν, φθονερόν κακόν, αἰὲν ὁμοῖος.

each other, as to scuffle, envious evil, always the same.

Γόργω — μὴ λέγε τὸν τεὸν ἄνδρα, φίλα, Δίνωνα, τοιαῦτα

**Gorgo** — Abuse not thy husband, dear, Dinon, so,

τῷ μυκῶ παρρόντος· ὄρη, γύναι, ὡς ποθορῇ τυ.

the child being present: see, dearest, how it stares thee.

Θάρσει, ζωπυρίων, γλυκερὸν τέκος. οὐ λέγει ἀπφύν.

Cheer up, Zopyrio, mellow child, she is not talking of papa.

Πραξινοά — αἰσθάνεται τὸ βρέφος, ναὶ τὰν πότνιαν.

**Praxinoe** — Does the child hear, by the venerable Proserpine!

Γόργω — καλὸς ἀπφύς.

**Gorgo** — Pretty papa!

Πραξινοά — ἀπφύς μὲν τῆνος πρῶαν (λέγομεν τὰ πρῶαν θην

**Praxinoe** — Such a papa, the day before yesterday, going

πάντα) νίτρον καὶ φῦκος ἀπὸ σκανᾶς ἀγοράσδων

soap and rouge a-shopping,

κῆνθε φέρων ἄλας ἄμμιν, ἀνὴρ τρισκαιδεκάπαχυς.

came back bringing salt home, man thirteen cubits thick.

Γόργω — Χώμὸς ταυτᾶ ἔχει, φθόρος· ἀργυρίω, Διοκλείδας·

**Gorgo** — Mine is much the same, money destroyer, Diocleis.

ἐπταδράχμῳ κυνάδας, γραιῶν ἀπότιλμχτα πηρᾶν,

Did he not buy septem drachmas of dog hair, old wallets' leather,

πέντε πόκῳ ἔλαβ' ἐχθές, ἅπαν ρύπον ἔργον ἐπ' ἔργῳ.

and five woollfells yesterday, all stinginess, toilsome work.

ἀλλ' ἴθι, τῷμπέγονον καὶ τὰν περονατρίδα λάζε.

But come on, take the pallium and the buckled tunic;

βῶμεν τῷ βασιλῆος ἐς ἀφνειῷ Πτολεμαίῳ,

let us go to the rich king Ptolomey's palace,

θασόμεναι τὸν Ἄδωνιν· ἀκούω χρῆμα καλόν τι

and see Adonis. I hear him with magnificent gifts

\* ἱκαστοτέρω — may be a word from Sophrone.

(See Valeken. in Adonias page 200 or 17 § Ed. Heind.)

Wordsworth puts forth ἐμ (ἐνέ-*up*) instead of ἐμ' (*far off from me*).

κοσμεῖν τὰν βασίλισσαν.

ornamented by the Queen.

Πραξινοά — Ἐν ολβίῳ ὄλβια πάντα.

**Praxinoe** — In rich people's mansion rich all.

Γόργω — ὦν ἶδες, ὦν εἶπες καὶ ἰδοῖσα τυ τῷ μὴ ἰδόντι.

**Gorgo** — What you saw, you can tell to anybody did not see;  
ἔρπειν ὥρα κ' εἶη.

but hour of setting off might it be now.

Πραξινοά — ἀεργοῖς αἰὲν ἑορτά.

**Praxinoe** — To idle people always holiday.

Εὐνόα, αἶρε τὸ νᾶμα καὶ ἐς μέσον, κίνοθρῦπτε,

Eunoe, take the distaff away, and in the midst, sluggard,

θές πάλιν. αἱ γαλέαι μαλακῶς χρήσθοντι καθεύδειν.

carry not it again; cats like to lie down softly.

κινεῦ δὴ, φέρε θᾶσσον ὕδωρ. ὕδατος πρότερον δεῖ.

Stir thyself, bring quickly some water; water first is wanted.

ἀ δὲ σμᾶμα φέρει. δὸς ὅμως μὴ πουλύ, ἄπληστε,

She indeed brings soap; give it me yet; not much, thou excessive,

ἐγχει ὕδωρ· δύστανε, τί μευ τὸ χιτῶνιον ἄρδεις;

pour out some water, thou wretched, why dost thou wet my tunic ?

παῦε. ὅκοῖα θεοῖς ἐδόκει, ταυτᾶ γε νένιμμαι.

Cease; as it pleased God, at last I am washed.

ἀ κλαῖ τᾶς μεγάλας πᾶ λάρνακος, ὧδε φέρ' αὐτάν.

The key of the large wardrobe where it is ? Fetch it.

Γόργω — Πραξινοά, μάλα τοι τὸ καταπτυχές ἐμπερόναμα

**Gorgo** — Praxinoe, to a nicety this sinuous buckled tunic

τοῦτο πρέπει· λέγε μοι, πόσσω κατέβη τοι ἄρ' ἰστῷ;

fits thee; say me how much did it cost ?

Πραξινοά — μὴ μνάσης, Γοργοῖ· πλέον ἀργυρίῳ καθαριῷ μνάων

**Praxinoe** — Remind me not of it, Gorgo; more than silver minas

ἃ δυοῖ τοῖς δ' ἔργοις καὶ τὰν ψυχάν ποτέθηκα.

two; with toil too I wearied my soul.

Γόργω — ἄλλὰ κατὰ γνώμαν ἀπέβα τοι.

Gorgo — But just according to thy wish it succeeded.

Πραξινοῶ — τοῦτο κάλ' εἶπας. \*

Praxinoe — This well thou saidst.

τῶμπέχονον φέρε μοι καὶ τὰν θολίαν κατὰ κόσμον  
 Bring me my pallium and petasus, fitly  
 ἀμφίθεες. Οὐκ ἄζῳ̃ τυ, τέκνον· μορμῶ, δάκνει ἵππος.  
 gird it on me. I will not take thee, child: mormo, the horse, bites.  
 δάκρυ ὅσσα θέλεις· χολὸν δ' οὐ δεῖ τυ γενέσθαι.  
 Cry as much you will; thou shalt not become lamed.  
 ἔρωμες. Φρυγία, τὸν μικρὸν παῖσθε λαβοῖσα,  
 Let us go. Phrygia, take the child and play,  
 τὰν κύν ἔσω κάλεστον, τὰν αὐλείαν ἀπόκλαζον.  
 call the dog in, shut the door of the atrium.  
 ὦ θεοί, ὅσσοις ὄχλος. πῶς καὶ ποικα τοῦτο περᾶσσι  
 By Gods, how many people; how we may tread our way  
 χρὴ τὸ κακόν; μύρμακες ἀνάρητοι καὶ ἄμετροι.  
 through all this crowd? ants endless and innumerable [1].

ἀδίστα Γοργοῖ, τί γενώμεθα; τοὶ πολεμισταὶ  
 sweetest Gorgo, what will our fate be? the war-like  
 ἵπποι τῷ βασιλῆος. ἄνερ φίλε, μὴ με πατήσης.  
 horses of the king are coming; friendly man, tread me not down.  
 ὀρθὸς ἀνέστα ὁ πυρρὸς ἰδ' ὡς ἄγριος· κυνοθαρσής  
 Lo! that bay one rearing erect; see how wild, thou dog-mad

[1] *The people are as thick as bees below,*  
 La gente si addensa come api laggiù,  
*they hum like bees . . . . .*  
 sciamana e ronzana come api

Alfred Tennyson's Harold.

\* See: Zimmerm. Ephem. stud. ant. — 1841 —

Εὐνόα, οὐ φευξῇ; διαχρησεῖται τὸν ἄγοντα.

Eunoe, flee not; that horse shall kill its rider.

ὠνάθην μεγάλως, ὅτι μοι τὸ βρέφος μένει ἔνδον.

I am greatly satisfied, I left my child at home.

Γόργω — θάρσει, Πραξινοά· καὶ δὴ γεγενήμεθ' ὀπισθεν,

**Gorgo** — Cheer up, Praxinoe, we are safe already behind them,

τοὶ δ' ἔβαν ἐς χῶραν.

they went back to their station.

Πραξινοά — καὶ τὰ συναγείρομαι ἤδη.

**Praxinoe** — I breath already again.

ἵππον καὶ τὸν ψυχρὸν ὄφιν τὰ μάλιστα δεδοίκα

Horses and cold snakes I most dread

ἐκ παιδός. σπεῖδωμες· ὄχλος πολὺς ἄμμιν ἐπιρρέϊ.

from childhood; let us hurry, a streaming crowd runs behind us.

This is quite a true and perfect picture, taken straight and free from real life, as if some mirror had fixed for ever and brought it back to us.

Such being the Theocritean Idyll's lovely simple spirit—a quaint, practical, cheerful spirit truly, chiefly bent on realistic side — we may easily trace its relationship with Chaucer's.

The following dialogue expresses this ideal relationship even more clearly.

Γόργω — Ἐξ αὐλᾶς, ὦ μάτερ;

**Gorgo** — Art thou coming from the mansion, o mother?

Γραῦς — ἐγώ, τέκνα.

**An old woman** — I am, children.

Γόργω — εἴτα παρενθεῖν

**Gorgo** — Is it then to get there

εὐμαρές;

easy?

Γραῦς — ἐς Τροίαν πειρώμενοι ἦνθον Ἀχαιοί,

**An old woman**—The Greeks conquered Troy by the force of attempting,

καλλίστα παίδων· παῖρα θην πάντα τελεῖται.

o thou the most beautiful of children; by attempting almost all things are done

Γόργω — Χρησµῶς ἃ πρὸς βῦτις ἀπῶχετο θεσπίξασα.

**Gorgo** — Her oracles uttered, the old woman withdrew.

Πραξινοά — Πάντα γυναῖκες ἴσαντι, καὶ ὡς Ζεὺς ἀγάγεθ' Ἦραν.

**Praxinoe** — All women, know even how Jupiter married Juno.

Γόργω — θᾶσαι, Πραξινοά, περὶ τὰς θύρας ὅσσοις ὄμιλος

**Gorgo** — See, Praxinoe, at the gates what an ocean

θεσπέσιος.

boundless!

Πραξινοά — Γοργοῖ, δὸς τὴν χέρα μοι; λαβὲ καὶ τύ,

**Praxinoe** — Gorgo, give thy hand me; lay fast hold, thou,

Εὐνόα, Εὐτυχίδος. πότρεχ' αὐτῷ, μή τι πλαναθῇς.

Eunoe, of Eutychis! Be joined, lest thou wilt be lost.

πᾶσαι σμ εἰσένθωμεν· ἀπρίξ ἔχου, Εὐνόα, ἀμῶν.

Let us all get in together; clutch, Eunoe, to us.

οἴμοι δειλαία, δίχα μευ τὸ θερίστριον ἦδη

Alas! how wretched I am, in two my pallium lo! is already

ἔσχισται, Γοργοῖ. ποττῶ Διός, εἴ τι γένοιτο

rent, Gorgo; by Jove, if ever thou wish to get

εὐδαίμων, ὦνθρωπε, φυλάσσεο τῷμπέχονόν μευ.

happy, man, be watchful of my pallium.

Ξένος — οὐκ ἐπ' ἐμὴν μέν, ὅμως δὲ φυλαζοῦμαι.

**A stranger** — It is not owing to me, nevertheless I will be watchful.

Πραξινοά — ὄχλος ἄθρως.

**Praxinoe** — What a swarming crowd!

ὠθεῖνθ' ὥσπερ ὑεῖς.

They press on like pigs.



Ξενος — θάρσει, γύναι· ἐν καλῷ εἰμές.

A stranger — Cheer up woman; in safety we are.

Πραξινοά — κεις ἄρας κῆπειτα, φίλ' ἀνδρῶν, ἐν καλῷ εἴης,

Praxinoe — May in coming days, thou dearest of men, be in safety·

ἄμμε περιστέλλων. χρηστῷ κῶκτιρμονος ἀνδρός.

for being watchful of us, honest and merciful man.

φλίβεται Εὐνόα ἄμμιν· ἄγ', ὦ δειλὰ τύ, βιάζευ.

Lo! Eunoe is wedged in;—push on, thou coward, push on.

κάλλιστ'· ἐνδοῖ πάσαι, ὁ τὰν νυὸν εἶπ' ἀποκλάξας.

“ All right; all within doors ”, shutting his bride in, the  
bridegroom said

Γόργω — Πραξινοά, πόταγ' ὦδε. τὰ ποιμίλα πρᾶτον ἄθρησον.

Gorgo — Praxinoe,—come along, look at those rich textures first,

λεπτὰ καὶ ὡς χαρίεντα· θεῶν περονάματα φασεῖς.

how smooth and fine!..... Godly garments thou wouldst say!

Πραξινοά — Πότνι' Ἀθναία, ποῖαί σφ' ἐπόνασαν ἔριθοι,

Praxinoe — By Venerable Athene, what weavers did weave it!

ποῖοι ζωογράφοι τάκριβέα γράμματ' ἔγραψαν.

what painters such careful patterns did draw,

ὡς ἔτυμ' ἐστάκαντι, καὶ ὡς ἔτυμ' ἐνδινεῦντι,

how truthfully they do stand upright, and how truthfully do they  
stir about!....

ἔμψυχ', οὐκ ἐνυφαντά· σοφόν τοι χρῆμ' ἀνθρώπος.

A spirited (1) being, not an embroidery; a wise thing is man indeed!

αὐτὸς δ' ὡς θαητὸς ἐπ' ἀργυρέας κατάκειται

Lo! how charmingly does he lie in his silvery

κλισμῷ, πρᾶτον ἔουλον ἀπὸ κροτάφων καταβάλλων,

bed, the first down (2) from his temples falling,

(1)—*So talked the spirited sly snake.*

Si disse lo spiritale astuto serpente.

Milton.

(2)—*The first down begins to shade his face.*

La prima lanugine comincia ad ombreggiare il di lui viso.

Dryden.

ὁ τριφίλατος Ἀδωνις, ὃ κὴν Ἀχέροντι φιλεῖται.  
the greatly loved Adonis, who in Acheron too is loved !

**Ξένος** — Παύσασθ', ὦ δύσταντοι, ἀνάνυτα κωτίλλοισαι

**A stronger** — Hush, you wretched, endlessly chatting  
τρυγόνες. ἐκκναισεῦντι πλατειάσδοισαι ἅπαντα.  
turtles; they would kill one by dint of jabbering.

**Πραξινόα** — μᾶ, πόθεν ὄνθρωπος; τί δὲ τίν, εἰ κωτίλαι εἰμέες;

**Praxinoe** — 'Ah! whence didst thou, man, come? what does it matter  
thee, if we are chatty,

πασάμενος ἐπίτασσε. Συρακοσίαις ἐπιτάσσεις;

Thy underlying Syracusians overlook;

ὡς εἰδῆς καὶ τοῦτο, Κορίνθιαι εἰμέες ἄνωθεν,

thou may know of this too, we are originary from Corynth,

ὡς καὶ ὁ Βελλεροφῶν. Πελοποννασιεὶς λαλεῦμεν.

just as Bellerophon. We speak Peloponnesian.

δωρίσδεν δ' ἔξεστι, δοκῶ, τοῖς Δωριέεσσιν.

Dorian lingo is allowable, I think, to Dorians.

μὴ φύη, Μελιτώδης, ὅς ἀμῶν καρτερὸς εἴη.

May never be born, o mellow Proserpine, he who ought to be  
our master,

πλὰν ἐνὸς οὐκ ἀλέγω. μὴ μοι κενεὸν ἀπομάξῃς.

besides one I do not care; cleanse not an empty modius.

**Γόργω** — σίγη, Πραξινόα· μέλλει τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἀεῖδειν

**Gorgo** — Be silent, Praxinoe, lo! there it is about to sing Adonis

ἡ τᾶς Ἀργείας θυγάτηρ πολυίδρις αἰοδός,

an argive woman's daughter, a skilful songstress;

ἄτις καὶ Σπέρχιν τὸν ἰάλεμον ἀρίστευσεν,

she who in Sperchim, the dirge, got utterly the price,

φθεγξέται τι, σάφ' οἶδα, καλόν. διαθρύπτεται ἤδη.

will sing something, to be sure, wonderful; she is loitering already.

There is much in this dialogue so like real and healthy Chaucerian touches, even in turn of wit, that I would the reader should wilfully set himself to compare them.

Through such frank portraiture, as though through a faithful, but cold mirror, Theocrit causes us to gaze—wonder-stricken — at women, long since dust, moving and speaking in all the petty peculiarities, slight malignities, and insipid simplicities of daily life with the same gestures and expression as they lived.

If insisting on artificial connections might ever be a by no means vain and fastidious effort of acuteness, fading often into fatuity, and might somehow bring out a result as to avoid narrowness of critical perception, we would carefully seek through the Theocritean Idyll for whatsoever features be akin in shape or tint to Chaucer's prologue.

Chaucer goes through his own task, perfectly conceiving and individualizing his characters with all their foibles and shortcomings, laying bare all their weaknesses, vanities, peculiarities, speaking out all their own every day thoughts and passions, as they urge them — life-like — homely truthful, depicting to his utmost power, with a wonderful pliancy and adaptability of colour and expression, stains of evils, and flowers of good, blooming in his own land and time, every thing moving and passing in the running stream of life in the English society of XIV century.

He falls by no means far below Theocrit's faithful picture of merry and sensuous pagan life, and Chaucer's peculiar character and leading feature — whence he draws his best powers—is his being stirred by something like Theocrit's truth to nature and straightforward gladness and quick sympathy.

However differing each other both in conception and drift of mind—by far more polished and refined the latter—(polish and refinement peculiar to classic age, hastening in Theocrit already to decay) we have placed them side by side that the reader may judge for himself, whatever may the short-coming or over-forcing of the parallel be.

Let not, however, be supposed that I mean to pursue the comparison farther out.

The religious rest, lulling quietness, exalting sense, and full fruition of life, which all feel, and none can define in the following hymn, with which Theocrit's poem concludes, can, by no means, admit of any comparison with the medieval refined religious rapture, feverish exhaustion, grandeur and glory of spiritual rejoicing, however somehow dimmed and grown faint, amid the hurry of crowds and keen eagerness of earthly gain, in Chaucer's merry England of the XIV century.

Γυνὴ αἰοιδὸς — δέσποινα, ἃ Γολγῶς τε καὶ Ἰδάλιον  
ἐρίλασας

**Songstress** — Thou goddess, whom Golgi and Idalium delighted,

αἰπεινὰν τ' Ἐρύκαν, χρυσῷ παίζουσ' Ἀφροδίτα,  
and loft Eryx; thou, Aphrodite, who dalliest with gold!  
οἷόν τοι τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἀπ' ἀενάου Ἀχέροντος

how did the malaco-ptyergian Hours from perennial Acheron,  
μηνὶ δωδεκάτῳ μαλακαίποδες ἄγαγον ὦραι.

on the twelfth revolving month, lead back thee thy Adonis!

βάρδισται μακάρων ὦραι φίλοι, ἀλλὰ ποθυναί

Drowsiest of immortals our beloved Hours, but they,  
when urged,

ἔρχονται πάντεσσι βροτοῖς αἰεὶ τι φορεῦσαι.

come to all men, ever conveying something.

Κύπρι Διωναία, τὸ μὲν ἀθανάταν ἀπὸ θνατᾶς,

O Cypri, Dione-born, thou didst, to immortal from mortal,

ἀνθρώπων ὡς μῦθος, ἐποίησας Βερενίκαν,

[among men such tale runs] change Berenice,

ἀμβροσίαν ἐς στῆθος ἀποστάξασα γυναικός·

by distilling in her bosom ambrosia;

τὴν δὲ χαρίζομένα, πολυώνυμε καὶ πολύναιε,  
therefore grateful, the polyonymous and in many fanes  
revered Arsinoe,

ἃ Βερενικεῖα θυγάτηρ Ἑλένα εἰκυῖς

Berenice's daughter, Helen-like,

Ἄρσινόα πάντεσσι καλοῖς ἀτιτάλλει Ἄδωνιν.

\* with all kind of wreaths beautifies thee.

Πᾶρ μὲν θ' ὥρια κεῖται ὅσα δρυὸς ἄκρα φέρονται,  
Before thee all plump fruit the trees yield is set,

πᾶρ δ' ἀπαλοὶ κάποι πεφυλαγμένοι ἐν ταλαρίσχοις  
before thee soft plants, artificially reared in silver coffers,  
ἄργυρέοις, Συρίῳ δὲ μύρῳ χρύσει ἀλάβαστρα,

\* golden alabasters filled with Syrian ointment,  
εἰδᾶτά θ' ὅσσα γυναῖκες ἐπὶ πλαθάνῳ πονέονται  
as many dainties as women work on their kneading-trough,  
ἀνθεα μίσγοισαι λευκῷ πικνοῖ' ἄμ' ἀλεύρῳ,  
mixing up every kind of flower-juice and white meal,  
ὅσσα τ' ἀπὸ γλυκερῷ μέλιτος τὰ τ' ἐν ὑγρῷ ἐλαίῳ,  
and as much is made of sweet honey and laid in liquid oil,  
πάντ' αὐτῷ πετεηνὰ καὶ ἐρπετὰ τεῖδε πάρεστιν.

before thee all winged and crawling here is set.

χλωραὶ δὲ σκιαῶδες μαλακῷ βρίθοντες ἀνήθη  
For thee green shady recesses, with tender anithum laden,  
δέδμ' ἀνθ' οἱ δὲ τε κῶροι ὑπερπωτῶνται Ἐρωτες,

are constructed. And children-loves overflutter,

οἷοι ἀηδονιδῆες ἀεζομένων ἐπὶ δένδρων

as young nightingales on growing trees

πωτῶνται πτερυγῶν πειρώμενοι ὅζον ἀπ' ὅζω.

hover, straining their winglets from bough to bough.

ὦ ἔβανος, ὦ χρυσός, ἢ ἐκ λευκῷ ἐλέφαντος

oh! the ebony, the gold, the white ivory,

αἰστοὶ οἰνοχόον Κρονίδα Διὶ παῖδα φέροντες.

oh! the eagles rearing his child cupbearer unto Zeus,  
Chronos-born.

πορφύρεοι δὲ τάπητες ἄνω, μαλακώτεροι ὕπνω,  
Bright red coloured coverlids, softer than sleep itself,

ἃ Μίλητος ἐρεῖ χῶ τὰν Σαμίαν καταβόσκων,  
(so Miletus and Samian shepherd would say),

ἔστρωται κλῖνα τῷ Ἀδώνιδι τῷ κελῷ ἄλλα.

are strewn over the bed of pretty Adonis on the other side.

τὰν μὲν Κύπρις ἔχει, τὰν δ' ὁ ροδόπαχυς Ἀδωνίς,  
Cypris has her couch there, and rosy-kindled Adonis too,  
ὀκτωκαιδεκέτης ἢ ἐννεακαίδεχ' ὁ γαμβρός.

eighteen or nineteen years old, her bridegroom.

οὐ κεντεῖ τὸ φίλαμ', ἔτι οἱ περὶ χεῖλα πυρρόα.

His kiss by no means stings, his lips are all about scarlet.

νῦν μὲν Κύπρις ἔχουσα τὸν αὐτᾶς χαιρέτω ἄνδρα·

Let now Cypris her man's possession enjoy;

ἁῶθεν δ' ἅμμες νιν ἁμᾶ δρόσω ἀθρόαι ἔξω

on the dawning of morn, with the dew, we, one and all,

οἴσευμε, ποτὶ κύματ' ἐπ' αἰόνι πτύοντα,

will bear thee, as far as the waves foam on the shore,

λύσασαι δὲ κόμαν καὶ ἐπὶ σφυρὰ κολπον ἀνεῖσαι

our hair being loose, and our garment fallen as far as the foot,

στήθεσι φαينوμένοις λιγυρᾶς ἀρξώμεθ' αἰοιδᾶς.

our breast open, we will tune this loud strain of ours:

ἔρπεις, ὦ φίλ' Ἀδωνι, καὶ ἐνθάδε κεῖς Ἀχέρωντα  
come, o beloved Adonis, hither and thither Acheronwards,

ἡμιθέων, ὧς φαντι, μονώτατος. οὐτ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
alone, as they say, of the demigods; neither Agamemnon

τοῦτ' ἔπαθ', οὐτ' Αἴας, ὁ μέγας βαρυμάνιος ἦρωες,  
was allowed, nor Ajax, the mighty moon-stricken hero,

οὐθ' Ἐκτωρ Ἑκάβης ὁ γεραίτερος εἴκοσι παίδων,  
 nor Hector, the eldest of Ecuba's twenty children,  
 οὐ Πατρόκλης, οὐ Πύρρος ἀπὸ Τροίας ἐπανελθών,  
 nor Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus, coming back from Troy home.  
 οὐθ' οἱ ἔτι πρότερον Λαπίθαι καὶ Δευκαλίωνες,  
 Nor the ancient Lapithae, nor Deucalion's children,  
 οὐ Πελοπιαδᾶν τε καὶ Ἄργεος ἄκρα Πελασγοί.  
 nor the forefather of the Pelopides and Argives, the  
 Pelasgians.  
 ἔλαθι νῦν, φίλ' Ἀδωνι, καὶ ἐς νέωτ' εὐθυμήσαις.

Be kind now, beloved Adonis, and for the next year be  
 a friend to us.  
 καὶ νῦν ἦνθες, Ἀδωνι, καὶ ὅκκ' ἀφίκη, φίλος ἤξεις.  
 Such thou hast been, Adonis, and such thou shalt be,  
 coming again.

Γόργω — Πραξινοά, τὸ γρῆμα σοφώτερον ἂ θήλεια.

Gorgo — Praxinoe, a wiser thing woman is,

ὀλβία, ὅσσα ἴσατι, πανολβία, ὡς γλυκὺ φωνεῖ.

blessed by knowing so much, blessed still more by so  
 sweetly singing.

ᾧρα ὅμως κεῖς οἶκον. ἀνάριστος Διοκλείδης.

We ought to be going home, Diocleis is dinnerless.

γώνηρ ὄξος ᾤπαν, πεινᾶντι δὲ μηδέποτε ἔνθης.

Man is all winegar, never approach a hungry one.

χαῖρε, Ἀδων ἀγαπατέ, καὶ ἐς χαίροντας ἀφίκει.

Be jolly, (1) beloved Adonis, thou camest to jolly people  
 back again.

So, with a magnificent touch and rough grasp of men  
 and things, concludes Theocrit's poem — a mere flash of

(1) Such a word can be traced back to French *joly*, which  
 meant of old *merry* as well as *pretty*, for by its side we find a  
 fuller verbal form *jolliver*—to feast—See Diez. If on inge-  
 nious and plausible etymology is wanted, it seems by no  
 means unlikely to derive from a Latin *gaudilivus*.

outward finite image — highly suggestive and meeting the fondness of human feelings, the hidden powers of ever flowing life.

At its close, no unreal spiritual light and heat, worth gauge or measure, nor far off sounds of divine triumph, but pride, sensuality, indolence, and herein is perhaps its chief meaning, and a somewhat similar temper of mind seems to have affected Chaucer's realistic art, in any other respect, sphere and order of conception, by far unlike.

Altogether agreeing with Theocrit's faithful rendering from bare healthy reality, by no means giving fever-fits or morbid and sickly feelings, Chaucer's prologue open thus, descriptive of the spring, gracious and sweet, as it glows under the softly warm or yellow rays of the sun. (1)

“ When April sweet showers have pierced to the root  
“ and bathed every vein with such a liquor, by whose virtue,  
“ flowers are engendered, when Zephyr mellow breath  
“ has inspired along in every grove and heath the tender  
“ crops and the young sun has run its half course in the  
“ Ram and small fowls, sleeping all the night with their  
“ eyes open — thus their hearts are spurred by Nature —  
“ make melodies; then folk long to go on pilgrimages and  
“ palmers to seek strange strands, fern shrines, known in  
“ sundry lands, and specially they wend from every shire's  
“ end of England towards Canterbury, to pay their vows to  
“ the holy blissful martyr, who has helped them, when sick.

Such is the innocent, childish, helpful spirit of Chaucer's poetry, perpetual April therein, and singing of nightingales.

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(1) See a parallel passage in the fourth book of Guido de le Colonne's *Historia Troiana*, where a sound of spring showers alike rebounds.



“ It befel on a day of that season, as I lay in South-  
“ wark at the Tabard, ready to wend on my pilgrimage to-  
“ wards Canterbury with well devout spirit that a vagrant  
“ company of almost nine and twenty folk came into that  
“ hostelry, by chance fallen together — pilgrims all who  
“ would ride towards Canterbury.

“ Being the chambers and stables wide, all we were  
“ lodged, as well as one can, and shortly afterwards, when  
“ the sun was setting, I had spoken with each of them,  
“ and turned one of their fellowship, and promised to rise  
“ early to take our way there, as I devise you.

“ But, nevertheless, while I have time and space, ere  
“ I farther step in this tale, I think according to reason to  
“ tell you all the condition of each of them, as they see-  
“ med me, and which they were and of what degree and  
“ how arrayed, and from a knigh<sup>t</sup> I will first begin.

There — spark after spark — dawns Chaucer's nuga-  
tory fanciful finishing imagery — an endless chain of acci-  
dental common minor details and outward shows, to which,  
a range of charming suggestiveness is utterly attached.

“ A knight there was, a worthy man, who, since he  
“ first began riding, loved chivalry, truth, honour, freedom  
“ and courtesy. Well worthily he had fought in his lord's  
“ wars and ridden farther than any other in Christendom  
“ and Heathendom, and been ever honoured for his valour.  
“ At the taking of Alexandria he had been, well often be-  
“ had been placed at the head of the state table on the  
“ dais above all nations in Prussia. (1)

“ In Lithuania he had ridden and in Russia—no chri-  
“ stian man of his degree, as often as he. In Granada, at  
“ Algezir siege he had been and ridden in Palmyra; at Lyeys  
“ and at the taking of Attalia: many an expedition in the  
“ Mediterranean he had partaken.

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(1) *Amid Christian Teutsch Ritters, who came to Preus-  
sen, Voigt thinks, on the year 1228.*

“ At fifteen mortal battles he had been, and fought for  
“ our faith at Tramezen, thrice in the edges, and had al-  
“ ways slewn his foe.

“ He had been also sometimes with the Lord of Pala-  
“ ty against a heathen more in Turkey, and ever he got  
“ the sovereign’s praise. And, though worthy, he was di-  
“ screet and of his behaviour as meek as a maid.

“ Never he said injury in all his life unto any wight. He  
“ was a very perfect, gentle knight.

“ But, to tell you of his array, his horse was good,  
“ but not gay, he wore a fustian cassock, besmuttered by  
“ his hauberk; being lately come from his travels, he went  
“ straight on pilgrimage.

Here we come at last to set ourselves face to face with  
the career of Chivalry, which played so great a part in  
the world, being the rallying place — observes Carlyle —  
of all noble, brave souls, pinched by aims other than vul-  
gar; flaming for above three centuries into a blazing whirl-  
wind through the medieval night.

Will the reader take a vivid real glimpse of it? A  
truthful sample may be Chaucer’s sketch of his knight’s  
unstable, yet captivating and entertaining, life, full of fine  
fighting, of homely gentleness, and pathos.

No less strong suggestion of likeness and reality, co-  
meliness and gallant pride we find in the knight’s son, a  
child in arm — the Squire.

“ With him there was his son, a young squire, a lo-  
“ ver and a lusty bachelor, curly headed, as though his  
“ locks were laid in a press. Twenty years old, I guess.  
“ Of middle height, wonderfully active and strong, he had  
“ been sometimes in an expedition on horseback in Flan-  
“ ders, Artois and Piccardy and borne himself well, conside-  
“ ring his short service, for hope to stand in his lady’s grace.

“ Embroidered like a meadow, with fresh flowers white and red, he would sing or flute all the day; fresh he was as May. Short with long wide sleeves was his gown; well he sat on horseback and fairly rode, sang, jousted, danced, drew and wrote. So hot he loved that by night, he slept no more than a nightingale. Courteous, lovely, and serviceable, he carved before his father at table.

So also it is by no means to be thought a fair imaginery or a fictitious picture the following sketch of a hired labourer, the yeoman, (1) clothed in gay riband and bright bodice.

It is an historical fact this comfort of dress, ascertained even by the earliest writer on English husbandry, Walter de Henley, and testifies to love of brightness and laughs of happy homes in all the abundance of means of life allowed to English peasantry -- abundance by far larger in Middle Ages than in our modern daily life, being then quartered on the produce of English soil a by no means as wide a mass of lazy people and consumers as in later times (2).

Here is Chaucer's portrature of the knight's servant, the yeoman, clear enough, so far as, in dealing with economic inferences, we can fish the matter into clearness, out of the gray, dim, oscillating leaves of history:

“ A yeoman the knight had and no servant; he liked to ride so. Clad in a coat and a green hood, he bore a

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(1) *Such a word has passed over to the English language in a singularly dwindled shape, perhaps from **gemeene**—akin to **german gemainer**, **frisian gamon** (a village.)*

(2) *Thorold Rogers -- The economic interpretation of history—I.*

" sheaf of peacock arrows — bright and keen (1) — un-  
 " der his belt; well he could apply his tackle yeomanly;  
 " his arrows did not droop low with the feathers, and he  
 " bore a mighty bow in his hand. Shorn-headed and brown-  
 " faced, he knew well all the practice of woodcraft; he bo-  
 " re a gay arm-shield, a sword and a buckler on one side  
 " and a gay dagger, well harnessed and sharp, as a point  
 " of spear, on the other. A silver Christopher (2) shone on  
 " his breast; he bore a horn; his bauldrick was green. A for-  
 " ster was indeed as I guess.

Thus far on the way, Chaucer keeps imagining, and sketching with a spice of reality to flavour it, all which may be characteristic of the world he has round him.

Interesting, were she only as a living exhilarative fragment of an age far gone, Chaucer's fashionable nun, Madam Eglentyne, is here shown in sequence, all witty and cheery attitudes, agreeable talk, fooleries and struttings about in the peacock or jack-daw way, one of the most vivid and brilliant characters ever penned, gaunting, flaunting, meandering about, highly sprightly and welcome.

" There was also a nun, a prioress simply smiling and  
 " coby; her most earnest oath was by St. Eloi, Madam E-  
 " glentyne by name. Well sweetly she entuned in her nose  
 " the divine service, and spoke French fairly and featly

[1]

. . . . . till a bright,  
 keen arrow pierced it through.

Dora Greenwell. A Song.

[2] A St. Christopher's image was superstitiously thought  
 to possess, when by chance seen, the power of shielding  
 whomsoever from a sudden mortal accident.

“ after the school of Stratford at Bow, for French of Paris  
“ was her unknown.

“ At table well taught was she withal. She let no mor-  
“ sel fall from her lips, nor she wetted her fingers deep  
“ in the sauce; well she knew how to carry a mouthful  
“ and well minded that no drop fell upon her breast, cour-  
“ tesy was her highest lust. She wiped her upper lip so  
“ neatly that no farthing of grease was seen in her cup,  
“ after she had drunk. Seemly she reached to her meat,  
“ and certainly desportful, pleasant and lovely she was and  
“ strove to counterfeit courtly manners and be stately and  
“ worthy of reverence.

“ But, to speak of her conscience, she was so charitable  
“ and piteous, that she would weep, if she saw a mouse  
“ caught in a trap, whether dead or bled. She had pet  
“ dogs, fed with roast meat, milk and cake, and she sore  
“ wept, when one of them were dead or smitten with a  
“ smart staff. She was all conscience and tender heart. Neatly  
“ pleated was her wimple, her nose shapely, her eyes grey  
“ as glass, her mouth small, soft and red, her forehead fair,  
“ almost a span broad, I think, being she, to speak hardily,  
“ by no means undergrown. Her cloak was neat, as I am  
“ aware.

“ She bore a pair of small coral beads green ganded,  
“ whence a brooch of shining gold hung pendent, on which  
“ was first written a crowned A and after: *Amor vincit*  
“ *omnia*.

Quite an unobjectionable, whimsical, simmering lady this,  
dancing her life — minuet, with her daintiest polite gracio-  
sities and her skipping bouncing paces, shedding fire-  
fly like glimmers of serenely shining halycion light and  
eager furthering of homely enjoyments in that old roary age,

when the brawl of medieval night had not yet sunk down,  
and hot warlike frenzy cooled.

But let us presently stick such a vague Chaucerian fire-fly on her spit and pass on.

"She had with her another nun, who was her secretary and three priests.

"A monk there was, a fair one for church preferment,  
"a rider, who liked chase, a manly man to be an able abbot.  
"Many a dainty horse had he in stable, and when he rode,  
"his bridle's merrily jingling might be heard as far as  
"where he had his cell — a whistling wind as clear and  
"loud, as the chapel bell. St Maur's and St. Benedict's  
"rules being old, and somehow narrow, he laid old things  
"aside, and yearned after the new; he cared less than for a plucked hen or an oyster for any text saying hunters to be not  
"holy men; a cloisterless monk a waterless fish like, and  
"I say his opinion good. Why one ought always painfully  
"pore upon a book in the cloister or toil with one's own  
"hands, as Austin bids? how shall the world be served!  
"Let Austin have his toil left. Therefore he was a hardy  
"rider, grey hounds he had as swift as fowls of flight. Hard  
"riding and hare hunting was all his lust, for by no means  
"would he help so doing.

"His sleeves I saw trimmed and fringed at the wrist  
"with the finest grey fur, a curious gold pin to fasten  
"his hood under his chin, a love knot at the larger end.  
"His bald head shone as a glass, and his face as it  
"had been anointed. Fat and complacent he was; his steep  
"eyes glowed as a fire of cauldron. His boots were supple,  
"his horse stately.

"Now certainly he was a fair prelate; far from being  
"pale as a forpined ghost, he liked a fat swan better

than any roast, and his palfrey was as brown as it is a berry.

He is a vulgar lusty churl every inch of him — (expert in the chase, *αἰσινὰ θήρας*, in woods and wilds to wound the hare) — living in all the stir and joy of life — tramp of hunting horse and clash of drinking cup — running into mere sensuous pleasure and worldly covetousness, with no gleam of higher hope, thought, faith or passion.

His cares are wholly of this world, neither wishing he, nor conceiving anything beyond earthly, selfish and mindless activity, and, though bethinking of him with somewhat a feeling of rejoicing in all recovery from monastic gloom and austerities of the suffering middle Ages, we have yet no power of sympathy with him and can by no means define him to ourselves but as unredeemable vulgar and repulsive — a fat lusty dog rolling on carrion. Alas! much more rolls on carrion for the time being. Not monasticism only, but Catholicism itself, after long tear and wear, sinks utterly into abeyance and fast rot.

... But there is many a religious sham more penned by Chaucer, and waiting us at hand — a friar, a pardoner, a summoner.

The latter's impression is much alike that issuing from the real living shape of Homer's Thersites, though by far uglier this, seen in a different light — the intensest rendering of utter presumptuous vulgarity I am acquainted with.

Striking such ideal likenesses and coincidences indeed.

Old Thersites is just as straight taken from life as Chaucer's summoner — which turns out to be a bit of search appointed to be done.

## II.

I cannot tell the half of the strange realistic impression — of delicacy, wit and rugged simplicity — which has been made upon me in a way so like Chaucer's by Homer's unrivalled picturing of the amours of Ares and Aphrodite.

Nothing can perhaps better help us to a pretty close approaching to Chaucer's fanciful temper than this whole passage, of which, that the reader may mark its aesthetic grounds and fair connections, here is the full excerpt:

αὐτὰρ ὁ φορμίζων ἀνεβάλλετο καλὸν αἰεῖδεν  
Thus the citharist began tuning this fine song  
ἀμφ' Ἄρεος φιλότῃτος εὐστεφάνου τ' Ἀφροδίτης,  
of Ares and fair wreathed Aphrodite's stolen embraces,  
ὡς τὰ πρῶτα μίγησαν ἐν Ἥφαιστοιο δόμοισιν  
as first they mixed in Hephaestos' dome,  
λάβρῃ, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκε, λέχος δ' ἥσχυνε καὶ εὐνὴν  
stealthily, many a gift he conferred, the wife he polluted and  
Ἥφαιστοιο ἄνακτος· ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἄγγελος ἦλθεν  
illustrious Hephaestos' nuptial bed. Straight unto him brought  
message

Ἥλιος, ὃ σφ' ἐνόησε μιγαζομένους φιλότῃτι.  
Helios, who saw them mix, and dissolvè away in lustful love.  
Ἥφαιστος δ' ὡς οὖν θυμαλγέα μῦθον ἄκουσεν,  
Hephaestos, as the grievous tidings heard,  
βῆ ῥ' ἔμμεν ἐς χαλκεῶνα κακὰ φρεσὶ βυρσοδομεύων,  
ran to his forge, bad thoughts his labouring mind revolving,  
ἐν δ' ἔθετ' ἀμμοθέτῳ μέγαν ἄκμονα, κόπτει δὲ δεσμούς  
set on the stump big an anvil, drew out wire - nettings,



ἀρρήκτους ἀλύτους, ὅφρ' ἐμπεδον αὖθι μένοιεν.

by no means flexible or relaxable, that they might be therein-  
ensnared.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεύξε δόλον κεχολωμένος Ἄρει,

As soon he had wire - drawn his wile, wrath - boiling a-  
gainst Ares,

βῆ ῥ' ἵμεν ἐς θάλαμον, ὅθι οἱ φίλα δέμνια κεῖτο·

he ran to the alcove, where the dear nuptial bed was strewn,

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἐρμῖσιν χέε δέσματα κύκλῳ ἀπάντη·

and on the bed - stead overspread his wire - nettings all round -

πολλὰ δὲ καὶ καθύπερθε μελαθρόφιν ἐξερέχοντο,

many a wire - netting were thus from the roof above hanging,

ἥντ' ἀράχνια λεπτά, τὰ γ' οὐ κέ τις οὐδὲ ἴδοιτο,

as a spider - web, extremely fine; no mortal could see it,

οὐδὲ θεῶν μακάρων· πέρι γὰρ δολόεντα τέτυκτο.

nor any of the immortal Gods; with so fraudulent wile they  
were interwoven.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντα δόλον περὶ δέμνια χεῦεν,

As soon he had all his wire - nettings around the bed interlaced,

εἴσατ' ἵμεν ἐς Λῆμον, εὐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον,

he feigned to go to Lemnos, well - built town,

ἣ οἱ γαίῶν πολὺ φιλότατη ἐστὶν ἀπασέων.

to him of all earthly towns the dearest.

οὐδ' ἀλάως σκοπιὴν εἶχε χρυσήμιος Ἄρης,

Meanwhile, by no means blind, Ares with the golden reins  
watched.

ὥς ἴδεν Ἥφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην νόσφι κιόντα·

as soon he saw Hephaestus, illustrious artificer, far going -

βῆ δ' ἰέναι πρὸς δῶμα περικλυτοῦ Ἥφαιστοιο

he went straight to this famous architect's dome,

ἰσχάνων φιλότῃτος εὐστεφάνου Κυθεραίας.  
 inflamed with fair-wreathed Cytheraea's love.  
 ἡ δὲ νέον παρὰ πατρός ἐρισθενέος Κρονίωνος  
 She, being lately from her almighty father, Chronos-born,  
 ἐρχομένη κατ' ἄρ' εἴσεθ'· ὁ δ' εἴσω δόματος ἦεν,  
 come, sat within doors. He entered there,  
 ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ πῦ χειρί, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἐκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·  
 caught her by the hand, and, calling her by name, he  
 spoke thus:

« δεῦρο, φίλη, λέκτρονδε· τραπέομεν εὐνθεύντες·  
 « haste, dear, to bed; love's delicious rapture let us enjoy;  
 « οὐ γὰρ ἐθ' Ἥφαιστος μεταδήμιος, ἀλλὰ που ἤδη  
 « Hephaestus is not at home, but he is already about,  
 « οἶχεται ἐς Λῆμνον μετὰ Σίντιας ἀγριοφώνους.  
 « speeding to Lemnos to the Sinthians with the wild-toned voice.  
 Ὡς φάτο, τῇ δ' ἀσπαστόν εἰσάτο κοιμηθῆναι.  
 Thus he spoke and her, to her deep soul, pleased to enjoy  
 the bed;

τῷ δ' ἐς δέμνια βάντε κατέδραθον· ἀμφὶ δὲ δεσμοί  
 so both, rushing thither, to love's delicious rapture yielded.  
 But, alas!

τεχνήεντες ἔχυντο πολύφρονος Ἥφαιστοιο,  
 ingenious Hephaestus' wire-nettings, skilfully wrought, were  
 interwoven all round;

οὔδε τι κινῆσαι μελέων ἦν οὐδ' ἀναεῖραι·  
 either to stir, or lift no power was left them,  
 καὶ τότε δὲ γίγνωσκον, ὅ τ' οὐκέτι φυκτὰ πέλοντο.  
 and straight they perceived no rescue anywhere from the e-  
 vil plight.

ἀγχιμόλον δέ σφ' ἦλθε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυῖαις,  
 Meanwhile, the thrice-famous, in both his feet crippled,  
 Hephaestus, approached unheard,

αὐτὶς ὑποστρέψας πρὶν Λήμνου γαῖαν ἰκέσθαι·  
 swift coming mid-way back again, (even before reaching  
 Lemnos.)

Ἥλιος γάρ οἱ σκοπιὴν ἔχεν εἰπέ τε μῦθον.

Helios spied indeed, and brought message unto him.

[Βῆ δ' ἵμεναι πρὸς δῶμα φίλον τετιημένος ἦτορ·]

(He shot to his dear dome, the heart overwhelmed with anguish),

ἔστη δ' ἐν προθύροις, χόλος δέ μιν ἄγριος ἦρειν·

halted in the atrium, black coler filled his breast;

σμερδαλέον δ' ἐβόησε γέγωνέ τε πᾶσι θεοῖσιν·

horrid a cry thundered, heard by all Gods.

« Ζεῦ πάτερ ἡδ' ἄλλοι μάκαρες θεοὶ αἰὲν ἔόντες,

« Ye, Jove father and all deathless Gods,

« δεῦθ', ἵνα ἔργα γελαστά καὶ οὐκ ἐπιεικτὰ ἴδῃσθε,

« come and see laughable, yet unsufferable things;

« ὥς ἐμὲ χολὸν ἔοντα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη

« how me, being lame, Jove-born Aphrodite

« αἰὲν ἀτιμάζει, φιλέει δ' αἰδῆλον Ἀρηα,

« ever reviles; she loves, indeed, stern destroyer Ares,

« οὐνεχ' ὁ μὲν καλός τε καὶ ἀρτίπος, αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γε

« out of his being fair and steady-footed, while I

« ἠπεδανὸς γενόμεν. ἀτὰρ οὐ τί μοι αἴτιος ἄλλος,

« with distorted legs crawl oblique. Whose fault

« ἀλλὰ τοκῆς δύω, τῷ μὴ γείνασθαι ὀφελλον.

« but my begetters? They ought by no means have engendered  
 me so.

« ἀλλ' ὄψουσθ', ἵνα τῷ γε καθεύδοντι ἐν φιλότῃ

« Behold how sunk in love's entrancing joy they lie

« εἰς ἐμὰ δέμνια βάντες, ἐγὼ δ' ὀρώων ἀκάχημαι.

« in my nuptial bed; on seeing them a heart piercing anguish  
 I feel.

« οὐ μέν σφραγς ἐ'τ' ἐ'ολπα μίνυνθ' γε κειέμεν οὕτως  
*« I wonder whether they be still burning thus,*

« καὶ μάλα περ φιλέοντε· τὰχ'οὐκ ἐθελήσετον ἄμφω  
*« in soft love steeped; perhaps they are no longer willing*

« εὐδειν· ἀλλὰ σφωε δόλος καὶ δεσμὸς ἐρύξει,  
*« to be lying thus. My fraudulent wire - nettings shall have*  
*them ensnared,*

« εἰς ὃ κέ μοι μάλα πάντα πκτήρ ἀποδῶσιν ἐέδνα,  
*« till her father does not restore me back all the nuptial gifts,*

« ὅσσα οἱ ἐγγυάλιζα κινώπιδος εἵνεκα κούρης,  
*« I gave him for the wanton bold - faced maid,*

« οὐνεκά οἱ κκλη θυγάτηρ, ἀτὰρ οὐκ ἐχέθυμος.  
*« his fair offspring, but, by no means, wise.*

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἀγέροντο θεοὶ ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ·  
*Thus he said, and all Gods gathered suddenly in the brazen*  
*dome,*

ἦλθε Ποσειδάων γαιήοχος, ἦλθ' ἐριούνης  
*there came Poseidon, the shaker of the earth, came weal-giving*  
*Ἑρμείας, ἦλθεν δὲ ἄναξ ἐκκέργος Ἀπόλλων·*

Hermes, came mighty far - darting silver - shafted Apollo.

θηλύτεραι δὲ θεαὶ μένον αἰδοῖ οἴκοι ἐκάστη·

The Goddesses alone remained, stung with pouting shame,  
*all and one, at home.*

ἔσταν δ' ἐν προθύροισι θεοί, δωτηῆρες ἐάων· (1)

There halted in the atrium the weal - giving Gods,  
*ἄσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν*  
*unextinguishable a laugh broke from the immortals,*

τέχνας εἰσαρόωσι πολύφρονος Ἑραιστοιο.

on seeing skilful Hephaestus' wiles.

(1) *Hes. Theog. 664.*

ὧδε δέ τις εἶπεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

Thus one said, gazing on the other close by:

« οὐκ ἀρετᾶ κκκᾶ ἔργα· κικάνει τοι βραδὺς ὤκυν,  
Not ever lucky are bad actions; the slow one sometimes reaches the swift,

ὥς καὶ νῦν Ἥφαιστος ἐὼν βραδὺς εἶλεν Ἄρηα  
just as presently Hephaestus, though tardy, has reached Ares,  
ὠκυτότατόν περ ἐόντα θεῶν, οἳ Ὀλυμπον ἔχουσιν,  
the swiftest of all the Gods who Olympus abide,  
χωλὸς ἐὼν, τέχνησι· τὸ καὶ μοιχάγρι' ὀφέλλει· »  
no otherwise, being he crippled, than by wile; he must then pay him the fine.

ὧς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·

As they one another were chatting so,

Ἑρμῆν δὲ προσέειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

thus to Hermes said far-famed, Jove-born, Apollo;

« Ἑρμείη, Διὸς υἱέ, διάκτορε, δῶτορ ἐάων,

« o Hermes, Jove-born, forerunner, wealth-giving God,

« ἢ ῥά κεν ἐν δεσμοῖς ἐθέλοις κρατεροῖσι πιεσθεῖς

« should you like, in so strong surrounding wire-nettings girt,

« εὖδεν ἐν λέκτροισι παρὰ χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ;

« to enjoy golden Aphrodite's genial bed?

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα διάκτορος ἀργεῖφόντης·

Him replied then the Argiphontes, message bearer:

« αἱ γὰρ τοῦτο γένοιτο, ἄναξ ἐκατηβόλ' Ἀπολλων·

well might this happen, o illustrious far-darting Apollo.

δεσμοὶ μὲν τρίς τόσσοι ἀπείρονες ἀμφὶς ἔχιοιν,

Even if with wire-nettings thrice these, unnumbered, were I girt,

ὕμεῖς δ' εἰσορόετε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θέαιναί,

and ye, Gods and Goddesses, all and one, gazing at,

αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν εὖδοιμι παρὰ χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ »

*I should like to enjoy golden Aphrodite's genial bed.*

ὣς ἔφατ', ἐν δὲ γέλως ὦρτ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.

*Thus he said and a laugh broke from the immortals' breast.*

οὐδὲ Ποσειδάωνα γέλως ἔχε, λίσσετο δ' αἰεὶ

*Poseidon yet did not laugh, but entreated ever*

Ἥφαιστον κλυτοεργόν, ὅπως λύσειεν Ἄρηα.

*Hephaestus, skilful artificer, to loosen Ares,*

καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα

*and such winged words him addressed:*

« λῦσον· ἐγὼ δέ τοι αὐτὸν ὑπίσχομαι, ὡς σὺ κελεύεις,

*« get him loose. I pledge my word that he, as, thou wilt,*

« τίσειν αἵσιμα πάντα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.

*« shall equitably make up for thy loss here in the sight of  
the immortal Gods.*

τὸν δ' αὖτε προτέειπε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυῖς·

*Him straight replied the illustrious, in his both feet crippled:*

« μὴ με, Ποσειδάων γαῖήοχε, ταῦτα κέλευε·

*Bid me not, Poseidon, earth-shaker, this;*

δειλαί τοι δειλῶν γε καὶ ἐγγυαὶ ἐγγύασθαι.

*wicked it is to warrant the wicked.*

πῶς ἂν ἐγὼ σε δέοιμι μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν,

*How could I bind thee in the sight of the immortals,*

εἴ κεν Ἄρης οἴχοιτο χρέος καὶ δεσμὸν ἀλέξας; »

*should Ares go away free both of his wire-nettings and debt?*

τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·

*Him straight replied Poseidon, the shaker of the earth.*

« Ἥφαιστ', εἴ περ γάρ κεν Ἄρης χρεῖος ὑπαλῦξας

*« O Hephaestus, should Ares, without paying thee his debt,*

« οἵ γηται φεύγων, αὐτός τοι ἐγὼ τάδ᾽ε τίσω.

*a fly away, I myself will pay thee.*

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυῖης·

Him replied then the illustrious, in his both legs lame:

« οὐκ ἔστ' οὐδὲ ἔοικε τρὸν ἔπος ἀρνήσασθαι.

*it is not kind, nor becoming to repulse thy word.*

ὣς εἰπὼν δεσμὸν ἀνίει μένος Ἥφαιστοιο.

Thus saying, them the wire-nettings with might broke loose

Hephaestus.

τὼ δ' ἐπαί ἐκ δεσμοῖο λύθεν κρατεροῦ περ ἐόντος,

They, as soon free of their strong entanglement,

αὐτίκ' ἀνχιῖζαντε ὁ μὲν Θρήκηνδε βεβήκειν,

sprang in a sudden from the bed; he to Thracia ran;

ἡ δ' ἄρα Κύπρον ἵκνε φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη,

she, the laughter-loving Aphrodite, speeding to Cyprus,

εἰς Πάφον· ἔνθα δέ οἱ τέμενος βωμός τε θυῆεις.

halted in Paphos; there to her a grove grew and an altar smoked,

ἐνθα δέ μιν χάριτες λούσxn καὶ χρίσαν ἐλπίῳ (1)

there the Charites washed and anointed her with the fair olive

ἀμβρόσιῳ, οἷον θεοῦς ἐπενήνοθεν αἰὲν ἐόντας,

ambrosial oil, whereby immortal Gods grow in beauty,

ἀμφὶ δέ εἴματα ἔσσαν ἐπήρατα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.

and around her a radiant vest they threw, wondrous to see.

ταῦτ' ἄρ' αἰοιδὸς ἄειδε περικλυτός· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς

Thus the illustrious singer sang. . . . . Ulysses

τέρπετ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ᾗσιν ἀκούων ἠδὲ καὶ ἄλλοι

enjoyed in his mind on hearing him and the other

---

(1) There is no excuse for Nägelsback — **Homerische Theologie** — who, by no means aware Charis to be one of the

Φαίηκες, δολιχέρητμοι, ναυσίκλυτοι ἄνδρες.

Pheaces, strong navigators, sea-famous men, enjoyed too.

That is quite perfect, deep and intense in truth as poetry can be.

One other passage, much more apt to afford us an easy step to grasp faithfully Chaucer's mind, requires to be farther remembered.

It is Aristophanes' and exhibits by touches, by far harsher than Chaucer should, what dross and crypto — poisonous slack matter were deep lying in the judicial proceedings of the time, of which faint traces are still visible in the narrow, traditional, local jurisdictions of Chaucerian England — first straitened, then caused to fail by the wider spread assize of migratory judges.

τί γὰρ εὐδαίμων καὶ μαχαιριστὸν μᾶλλον νῦν ἐστὶ δικαστοῦ,  
What, forsooth, a luckier and happier one is now than a judge?  
ἢ τρυφερώτερον, ἢ δεινότερον ζῶον, καὶ ταῦτα γέροντος;  
What more wooed or dreaded a beast than this justice of ours?  
ὃν πρῶτα μὲν ἔρποντ' ἐξ εὐνῆς τηροῦσ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι  
δροφάκτοις

Him, just creeping out of his bed, unkennel across the  
chance! - bars

many names of Aphrodite, sticking to the passage in II. XVIII:

τὴν δὲ ἶδε προμολοῦσα Χάρης λιπροκρήδεμνος,  
*her (Thetis) saw and hastened to meet Charis, whose hair*  
*many a fair fillet bound,*

καλὴ, τὴν ὥπυιε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυῆεις,  
*the beautiful maid, whom the illustrious, in his both feet*  
*crippled, married.*

could have attributed the passage in Od. VIII to another poet.



ἄνδρες μεγάλοι καὶ τετραπῆγεις· καὶ πεῖτ' εὐθύς  
προσιόντι

men of influence, four cubits thick; then, on my straight going off,  
ἐμβάλλει μοι τὴν χειρ' ἀπαλὴν, τῶν δημοσίων κεκλοφυῖαν·  
one stretches me out his soft hand, wont the exchequer to pilfer.  
ἱκετεύουσίν θ' ὑποκύπτοντες, τὴν φωνὴν οἰκτροχοοῦντες·  
Some others entreat me kneelingly, their voice mournfully  
tuning:

« οἴκτειρόν μ', ὦ πάτερ, αἰτοῦμί σ', εἰ καὶ τοὺς πώποθ'  
ὕψελου

*Pity me, father, I beseech thee if thou thyself didst ever pilfer  
anything,*

ἀρχὴν ἄρ' ἔξας ἢ πρὸς στρατιᾷ τοῖς ξυσσίτοις ἀγοράζων.»  
*by holding some office or at the supper-time somehow speechi-  
fying the table-fellows.*

ὅς ἐμ' οὐδ' ἂν ζῶντ' ἤδειν, εἰ μὴ διὰ τὴν προτέρην  
ἀπόφυξιν.

Yet, I have never been known by him to live, till his first  
escape. (1)

εἴτ' εἰσελθὼν ἀντιβοληθεὶς καὶ τὴν ὀργὴν ἀπομορῃθεὶς,  
Then, going I along thus, with beseechs sicklied over, my  
anger drained off,

ἐνδὸν τούτων ὧν ἂν φάσκω πάντων οὐδέν πεποίηκα,  
within doors of what I promised not even a whit get I done,

(1) *He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before.*

— Goldsmith - She stoops to conquer —

ἀλλ' ἀκροῶμαι πάσας φωνὰς ἰέντων εἰς ἀπόφυσιν.

but I hearken all accents uttered by the inditees;

φέρ' ἴδω, τί γάρ οἱ' ἔστιν ἀκούσαι θώπευμ ἐνταῦθα  
δικαστῇ;

Come! is any flattery there befalling not to tease a judge  
's hearing?

οἱ μὲν γ' ἀποκλάνονται πενίαν αὐτῶν καὶ προστιθέασιν  
Some indeed bewail their poorness and show

κακὰ πρὸς τοῖς οὖσιν, ἕως ἀνῶν ἂν ἰσώσῃ τοῖσιν ἐμοῖσιν  
their evils to the present people, so that they may appear  
heavy, if compared with mine.

οἱ δὲ λέγουσιν μύθους ἡμῖν, οἱ δ' Αἰσώπου τι γέλοιον.  
Some tell fables to us, some Aesopus' something laughable.

οἱ δὲ σκώπτουσ', ἐν ἔγῳ γελάσω καὶ τὸν θυμὸν κατὰθωμαι.  
Some jest, that I may laugh and lay down my anger.

κἂν μὴ τούτοις ἀναπειθώμεσθα, τὰ παιδάρι' εὐθύς  
ἀνέλκει,

And, if by these means we be not persuaded, one, to back  
his suit, draws forth the children,

τάς θηλείας καὶ τοὺς υἱεῖς, τῆς χειρός, ἐγὼ δ' ἀκροῶμαι.  
girls and boys by the hand, I bend to hearken;

τὰ δὲ συγκύπτοντ' ἀμβληχᾶται· κἄ' πειθ' ὁ πατὴρ ὑπὲρ  
they kneeling cry; then their father [αὐτῶν

ὥσπερ θεὸν ἀντιβόλει με τρέμων τῆς εὐθύνης ἀπολύσαι.  
as he might a God, beseeches me tremblingly to free him  
of the fine;

εἰ μὲν χαίρεις ἀρνὸς φωνῇ, παιδὸς φωνὴν ἐλέησαι·

if thee delight a lambkin 's voice, thou shalt pity a boyish  
babble,

εἰ δ' αὖ τοῖς χοιριδίοις χαίρω, θυγατρὸς φωνῇ με πιθέσθαι.  
if indeed thou be charmed with a sucking pig's voice, with

his daughter's accents he prevails on me.

χῆμαις αὐτῷ τότε τῆς ὀργῆς ὀλίγον τὸν κόλλοπ' ἀνειμέν-  
We slacken thus the chords of our anger.

ἄρ' οὐ μεγάλη τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἀρχή, καὶ τοῦ πλούτου  
καταχρήνη;

Is not it a mighty kingdom and a whinnying scorn of riches?

Thus far we have been seeing of what mould or substance, how boned and fleshed, how tied and manacled with joint or limb are greek judges.

Let us go a steep farther now with Aristophane's sharp-cut pictures — all vivid and living people wearing the plain every day clothes of the time, how different and yet in many respects how like Chaucer's, whether penned in serious vein or jocose. —

Sprightlier and truer comparative results will be attainable for us by their mere juxta-position in the wild native way of clustering about their natural stalk.

With a long drawn echo of sorrowing jest and roary cachinnation is in the "Ἰππεις" preserved us this dialogue between a sausage-maker and Δημοσθένης — giving picture, if we consider it, of the demagogic rascality prowling in our way, wild surging and uproaring at our heels.

Ἀλλ. Εἰπέ μοι, καὶ πῶς ἐγὼ

Say me, how can I,

ἀλλαντοπώλης ὢν ἀνὴρ γενήσομαι;

being a sausage-maker, become a politician?

Δημ. δι' αὐτὸ γάρ τοι τοῦτο καὶ γίγναι μέγας,  
Just for that thou shalt grow a great man,  
ὅτι πονηρὸς καὶ ἀγορᾶς εἶ καὶ θρασύς.  
because thou art a black leg, a damned mischie-  
vicious scoundrel, and such a brazen dog!

Αλλ. οὐκ ἀξιώ γ' ὅ μ' ὑπερβαίνει μέγα.  
I think that is a strain much above me.

Δημ. οἶμοι, τί ποτ' ἔσθ' ὅτι σαυτὸν οὐ φης ἀξίον;  
Pshaw, is there anything particular, wherefore  
thou sayest thee not worth?  
ἔνυιδέναι τί μοι δοκεῖς σαυτὰ καλόν.  
Thou art conscious, methinks, to be some-  
how gentleman-like.

Αλλ. { μῶν ἐκ κελῶν εἶ καὶ γαθῶν;  
Art thou perhaps sprung out of a noble and good  
μὰ τοὺς θεούς, [family ?  
Nay, by the gods,

Αημ. { εἰ μὴ ἔκ πονηρῶν γ'.  
out of ruffians and gaol-birds.  
ὦ μακάριε τῆς τύχης,  
What a lucky chance is this!  
ὅσον πέπονθας ἀγαθὸν εἰς τὰ πράγματα.  
With great a success thou art to be crowned then.

Αλλ. ἀλλ', ὦ γὰρ, οὐδὲ μουσικὴν ἐπίσταμαι,  
Bat, man, confound me, I know not even music,  
πλὴν γραμμάτων, καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι κακὰ κακῶς.  
nothing but grammar, and this scarcely too.

Δημ. τουτί μόνον σ' ἐβλαψεν, ὅτι καὶ κακὰ κακῶς.

This only is much against thee — a damped cram  
piece of frippery, indeed ! —

ἡ δημαγωγία γὰρ οὐ πρὸς μουσικοῦ

Demagogy by no means does like musicians,  
ἐ'τ' ἐστὶν ἀνδρός οὐδὲ χρηστοῦ τοὺς τρόπους,  
nor with honest people deals;

ἀλλ' εἰς ἀμαθῆ καὶ βδελυρόν . . . .

but with ignorant and impudent pieces of brass....

Δλλ. . . . . θαυμάζω δ' ὅπως

I wonder how I

τὸν δῆμον οἷός τ' ἐπιτροπεύειν εἴμ' ἐγώ.  
may be able to manage the affairs of the  
commonwealth.

Δημ. φαυλότατον ἔργον ταῦθ' ἄπερ ποιεῖς ποιεῖ.

A cat and fiddle! what thou art doing go on doing.  
τάραττε καὶ χόρδευ' ὁμοῦ τὰ πράγματα  
mix up and likewise stuff, as though they were  
chopped and minced meat,

ἄπνυνται, καὶ τὸν δῆμον ἄσι προσποιοῦ  
all affairs and ever conquer and foolify the people,  
ὑπογλυκύνων ῥηματίοις μαγειρικοῖς.  
cajoling them with cookery words.

τὰ δ' ἄλλα σοι πρόσεστι δημαγωγικά,

The other becoming demagogical requisites  
belong thee already:

φωνὴ μιαινά, γέγονας κακῶς, ἀγόραιοις εἶ.  
a loud, high-sounding voice, a shameless ex-  
traction, and a bouncing, market-beter's air.

ἔχεις ἅπαντα πρὸς πολιτείαν ἃ δέσῃ. (1)

— thou hast all which politics wants. —

Wild-quizzical sketches these — grave and precise in the sternness of their warning — of that swollen boiling and turbid bubbling up of all rascalities, mendacities and wiggeries, suffocatingly blowing in the grey twilight of the agitated Athenian form of democracy, led, through proud eminence, to utter decay and death.

One other fine-drawn sketch, significant of many, let us notice, in Aristophane's *Θεσμοφοριαζουσαι*, through which we can get one faint glimpse of the familiar concerns of Chaucer's England, as it will be noticed by us, when the time comes.

It is *Μνησίλοχος* pleading, in the shape of a woman, before an areopagus of women in favour of Euripides, whose wrongs did set a scandal on their sex.

τὸ μέν, ὦ γυναῖκες, ὅξυθυμεισθαι σφόδρα

To be, women, forcibly angry

Εὐριπίδῃ, τοιαῦτ' ἀκουούσας κακά,

with Euripides, on hearing these wile tales,

οὐ θαυμάσιόν ἐστ', οὐδ' ἐπιζεῖν τὴν χολήν.

by no means is such as to excite wonder, nor boiling wrath.

καὶ τῇ γὰρ ἐγώ, οὕτως ὀναίμην τῶν τέκνων,

I myself too, may I thus avail my children,

μισῶ τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐκείνον, εἰ μὴ μάνομαι.

do detest this man, even if I do not run mad therefore.

ὅμως δ' ἐν ἀλλήλαισι χρὴ δοῦναι λόγον

Yet we ought to speak of self-affairs;

(1) *Aristophanis Comoedias edidit Theodorus Bergk* —  
*Lipsiae. MDCCCLXXVIII.*

αὐταὶ γὰρ ἐσμὲν, κοῦδεμί' ἐκποροῖ λόγου.

we are alone, nobody of us will be the divulger thereof.

τί ταῦτ' ἔχουσαι καῖνον αἰτιώμεθα

Why, being overfull of lecheries, do we upbraid him,

βαρέως τε φέρομεν, εἰ δὴ ἡμῶν ἢ τρία

and cannot by any means forbear him, if (but of two or three

κακὰ ξυνειδώς εἶπε δρώσας μυρία;

iniquities of ours cognizant) divulges them, whilst we did my-

ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτὴ πρῶτον, ἵνα μὴ ἄλλην λέγω, [riads?

I first, to speak of no other,

ξύνοιδ' ἐμχυτῇ πολλὰ δεῖν· ἐκεῖνο δ' οὐν

own to have done a good many mischiefs myself. That is, indeed,

δαινότατον, ὅτε νύμφη μὲν ἦν τρεῖς ἡμέρας,

the foulest of them: when I was still a three days bride,

ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ παρ' ἐμοὶ καθεῦδεν ἦν δέ μοι φίλος,

and my man by my side slept; there was a male deer of mine,

ὅσπερ με διεκίρρευεν οὖσαν ἐπτέτιν·

who did break my virgin knot, when I was seven years old.

οὗτος πόθῳ μου· κνυσεν ἐλθὼν τὴν θύραν·

He, taint with unchaste desire of me, scratched, coming, the door.

κατ' εὐθύς ἔγνω· εἶτα καταβίβω λάθρα.

I straight hit it; stole forth the bed.

ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ ἐρωτᾷ, ποῦ σὺ καταβαίνεις; ὅποι;

My man asks me: whitherward art thou going down?

στρόφος μ' ἔχει τὴν γαστέρ', ὦνερ, κώδυνη·

The girdle clenches me the bowels too fast, man, and griping

pains I am suffering;

ἐς τὸν κοπρῶν' οὖν ἔρχομαι. — βάδιζε νυ·

to the privy therefore I am going — Be gone then.

καὶ θ' ὁ μὲν ἔτριβεν κεδρίδας, ἄννηθον, σφάκον·  
Meanwhile he minced cedar, anise, sage.

ἐγὼ δὲ καταχέασα τοῦ στροφέως ὕδωρ  
I, after moistening the door-hinges with water,  
ἐξῆλθον ὡς τὸν μοιχόν· εἴτ' ἐρείδομαι  
went to my male deer; leant

παρὰ τὸν Ἀγυῖαν, κύβδ' ἐγομένη τῆς δάφνης·  
against Apollo's altar, prone, near the laurel . . . .

ταῦτ' οὐδεπώποτ' εἴφ', ὀράτ', Εὐριπίδης·  
That by no means unfolded, see, Euripides,

οὐδ' ὡς ὑπὸ τῶν δούλων τε κώρεωκόμων  
nor how we even slaves and mule-drivers

σποδοῦμεθ', ἢν μὴ' ἥωμεν ἕτερον, οὐ λέγει  
make our delight, if by chance we have no other by,

οὐδ' ὡς, ὅταν μάλισθ' ὑπὸ τοῦ ληκώμεθα  
nor how, after being melt by our lover in lascivious lusty fire

τὴν νύχθ', ἔωθεν σκόροδα διχμκσώμεθα,  
all night, as soon it is early morn, we eat some garlic,

ἔν' ὁσφρόμενος ἀνὴρ ἀπὸ τείχους εἰσιών  
lest, by way of smelling, our cuckold man, entering,

μηδὲν κακὸν δρᾶν ὑποτοπῆται. ταῦθ', ὀράς,  
in any dishonesty may suspect. That, see,

οὐπώποτ' εἶπεν. εἰ δὲ Φκίδραν λοιδορεῖ,  
he did never lay bare. If he does Phœdra revile,

ἡμῖν τί τοῦτ' ἔστ'; οὐδ' ἐκσὶν εἴρηκέ πω,  
what to us? nor he ever unfolded

ὡς ἡ γυνὴ δεικνῶσα τ'ανδρὶ τοῦ γυγκλον  
how a woman; by showing to her man the orb,



ὑπ' αὐγᾶς οἷόν ἐστιν, ἐγκακλυμένον  
 fair-shining in the sky, hidden from the eye,  
 τὸν μοιχὸν ἐξέπεμψεν, οὐκ εἴρηκέ πω.  
 her male deer sped away, that he never unfolded.  
 ἑτέρην δ' ἐγὼ δ' ἦ φησκειν ὠδίνειν γυνή  
 Another woman, I avouch, feigned to feel the pains of child-birth-  
 δέχ' ἡμέρας, ἕως ἐπρίξτο παιδίον·  
 ten days long, till she brought forth at length a child.  
 ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ περιήρχετ' ὠκυτόκι' ὠνούμενος·  
 Her man went round meanwhile majeutical drugs to buy;  
 τὸ δ' εἰσέφερε γραῦς ἐν χύτρᾳ τὸ παιδίον,  
 a hag came home, bringing, hidden in a pot, a child  
 ἵνα μὴ βοῶη, κηρίῳ βεβυσμένον·  
 lest he might cry, with a honey comb replete;  
 εἴθ' ὡς ἔνευσεν ἡ φέρουσ', εὐθὺς βοᾷ,  
 at the bringer's wink, suddenly she cried out:  
 ἄπελθ' ἄπελθ', ἤδη γὰρ ὤνερ μοι δοκῶ  
*get thee gone, get thee gone, for I already, man, feel me*  
 τέξειν· τὸ γὰρ ἦτρον τῆς χύτρης ἐλάττισεν.  
*bringing for h: the pot's guts were kicking, indeed.*  
 χῶ μὲν γεγηθῶς ἔτρεχεν, ἡ δ' ἐξέσπασεν  
 Her man exultingly ran; she took the honey-comb  
 ἐκ τοῦ στόματος τοῦ παιδίου, τὸ δ' ἀνέκραγεν.  
 out of the child's mouth and straight the child cried.  
 εἴθ' ἡ μισρὰ γραῦς, ἦ φερεν τὸ παιδίον,  
 Then the foul hag, the child's bringer,  
 θεῖ μαιδιᾶσα πρὸς τὸν ἄνδρα καὶ λέγει,  
 runs smilingly to the man and says:

λέων λέων σοι γέγονεν, αὐτέκμηγμα σόν,  
*a lion, a very lion was born thee, a picture of thyself,*  
 τὰ τ' ἄλλ' ἀπαζάπαντα καὶ τὸ πόνθηον  
*in any other limb and the prepuce too*  
 τῷ σῶ προσόμοιον, στρεβλὸν ὥσπερ κύτταρον.  
*thee alike, arched as a vault.*  
 ταῦτ' οὐ ποιοῦμεν τὰ κακὰ; νῆ τὴν Ἄρτεμιν,  
 Did we perhaps by no means devise so many knaveries?  
 ἡμεῖς γε. καὶ τ' Εὐριπίδῃ θυμούμεθα, [By Artemis,  
 you too did many. Why then do we fall out with Euripides,  
 οὐδὲν παθούσαι μεῖζον ἢ δεδράκαμεν;  
 whilst we by no means are charged with more than we did?

These are mordent, saucy and fully developed pictures, indeed, — sometimes lusty, never untrue — through which all greek political and private life with its own follies, wickednesses, infirmities and convulsions force itself upon us — a growing piece of texture, such as the sun descends out of the loamy clod, and weaves in a myriad of flowery rustling boughs, lengthening to the horizon round. —

Within almost the same degree of sincerity and sharpness of touch, with a clearly marked family likeness, there comes the following passage in the Iliad, XIV — Διὸς ἀπάτη — the most true and unquestioning text I know to the sensuous sparkling pagan life, of which some streamlet, stealthily running through the silence of ages, poured a new fructifying mould upon the wild pastures of early England, and, hidden among the dim - gleaming shadows of the northern woods, and roving at large amid the smoky southern lawns, stretched far across Europe, and fed those hidden roots of earnest

cheery vigour and intense stirring energy which had been withered by the blast of medieval spiritual gloom.

Ἥρη δ' εἰσεῖδε χρυσοθρόνον· ὀρθαγλαῖσιν  
Hera, high on her gold glittering throne,  
σταῖσ' ἐξ Οὐλύμποιο ἀπὸ ῥίου· αὐτίκ' δ' ἔγνω  
stood just above Olympus brow, downward gazing. In a sudden,  
τὸν μὲν ποιπνύοντα μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν,  
she saw heavy - breathing in the mighty glorious fight  
αὐτοκασιγνήτον καὶ δαέρα, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ·  
her full brother and her husband's and enjoyed in her mind.  
Ζῆνα δ' ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς πολυπύδακος Ἰδῆς  
Jove on the highest top of fountful Ida,  
ἤμενον εἰσεῖδε, στυγερόν· δέ οἱ ἔπλετο θυμῷ.  
sitting she saw; dreary he slid into her heart.  
μερμήριζε δ' ἔπειτα βροῦπις πότνια Ἥρη·  
The ox - eyed venerable Hera pondered over  
ὅπως ἐξαπάφοιτο Διὸς νόον αἰγίοχοιο.  
how she might mislead aegis — wearing Jove's mind.  
ἦδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή,  
Such then at her mind knocked wise counsel:  
ἐλθεῖν εἰς Ἰδὴν εὖ ἐντύνασθαι ἔα αὐτήν,  
she should go straight to Ida, charmingly adorned, to try  
εἰ πως ἐμείραιτο παρὰδραθέειν φιλότῃτι  
whether he burnt still to nestle in lustful love  
ἣ χροῖῃ τῷ δ' ὕπνον ἀπῆμονά τε λιαρόν τε  
close by her body; a warm sound slumber  
χεύῃ ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἰδὲ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμησιν.  
she should then shed on his eye - lids and wise mind.

Βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἐς θάλαμον, τὸν οἱ φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν,  
Thus she went straight to her alcove, which her beloved  
son, Hephaestus, had constructed for her,

Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσεν  
\* and whose solid gates he had with pillars strenghtened,  
κλητῖδι κρυπτῇ, τὴν δ' οὐ θεὸς ἄλλος ἀνῶγεν.

by means of a secret key, which no other God unclosed.

ἔνθ' ἦγ' εἰσελθοῦσα θύρας ἐπέθηκε φεινάζ.

Being within, she shut its bright golden gates.

ἀμβροσίῃ μὲν πρῶτον ἀπὸ χροῶς ἱμερόεντος

With distilled ambrosia first from her charming body

λύματα πάντα κάθηρεν, ἀλείψατο δὲ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,

all dirt cleansed, anointed herself with fat olive oil,

ἀμβροσίῳ ἐδάκνῳ, τὸ ῥά οἱ τεθυωμένον ἦεν.

ambrosial food, which on her fragrance shed.

τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο Διὸς κατὰ χυλοβατέε δῶ

From thundering Jove 's brazen dome,

ἔμπης ἐς γαῖαν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἔκετ' αὖτμή.

through earth and heaven, rolled a streamy scent.

τῷ ῥ' ἦγε χροά καλὸν ἀλειψμένη, ἰδὲ χαιτάε

With it having she fairly anointed her body and combed her hair

πεξχάμενι, χερσὶ πλοκάμους ἐπλεξε φεινούς,

she with her hands her bright ringlets overtwin'd,

καλοὺς ἀμβροσίους, ἐκ κράατος ἀθανάτοιο.

fair and ethereal, round her immortal head.

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀμβρόσιον ἐκνὸν ἔσκαθ', ὅν οἱ Ἀθήνη

Around her an ambrosial vest she cast, which Athene

ἔξυσ' ἀσκήσασα, τίθει δ' ἐνὶ δαίδαλα πολλά.

elaborately wrought, and with many a wonder starred.

χρυσείης δ' ἐνετῆσι κατὰ στῆθος περονᾶτο.  
 She by silver buckles it to her breast fastened,  
 ζώσατο δὲ ζώνην ἑκατὸν θυσάνοις ἀραρυῖαν,  
 girded herself with a zone, with one hundred fringes sparkling,  
 ἐν δ' ἄρα ἔρμυα ἔκεν εὐτρήτοισι λοβοῖσιν,  
 the rear-rings she suspended to her well-pierced ears,  
 τρίγληνα μορόεντα· χάρις δ' ἀπελάμπετο πολλή.  
 bright, starred with three drops around. Majestic grace round  
 κρηδέμνω δ' ἐφύπερθε καλύψατο δῖα θεῶν [her shone.  
 Close within a veil hid the queen of the Goddesses,  
 καλῶ νηγατέω· λευκὸν δ' ἦν ἡέλιος ὥς·  
 within a veil fair and new; white it was just like the sun,  
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα.  
 to her fleshy feet donned her sandal shoes.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντῃ περι χροῖ ἤθηκατο κόσμον,  
 Thus charmingly, her body all round arrayed,  
 βῆ ῥ' ἴμεν ἐκ θαλάμοιο, καλεσσαμένη δ' Ἀφροδίτην  
 she stepped out of her alcove, called Aphrodite,  
 τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε θεῶν πρὸς μῦθον εἶπεν  
 from all other Gods apart, and thus she said her:  
 « Ἥ ῥά νύ μοι τι πίθοιο, φίλον τέκος, ὅτι κεν εἴπω,  
 Wouldst thou grant me what, beloved daughter, I crave thee for,  
 ἢ κεν ἀρνήσαιο, κοτεσσαμένη τόγε θυμῷ,  
 or wouldst thou my suit reject, grown angry in thy heart,  
 οὐνεκ' ἐγὼ Δαναοῖσι, σὺ δὲ Τρῶεσσιν ἀρήγεις;  
 for I to the Greeks, thou to the Trojans bringest aid. »  
 Τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη  
 Her thus in answer spake, Iove's daughter, Aphrodite.  
 « Ἥρη, πρέσβη θεᾶ, θύγατερ μεγάλωι Κρόνωι,  
 Hera, venerable Goddess, daughter of the mighty Chronos,

αὐδὰ ὃ τι φρονέεις· τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,  
*say what rolls deep in thy mind; to fulfil thy vows my*  
*inmost heart inclines,*

εἰ δύναμιν τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστίν. »  
*if it is in my power or proper to be allowed.*

Τὴν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνιξ Ἥρη  
*Her the wily Venerable Hera thus in answer spake:*

« δὸς νῦν μοι φιλότητα καὶ ἔμερον, ἔτε σὺ πάντας  
*grant me now the love charms, and lustful wish, by which thou*  
*δαμνᾷ ἀθανάτους ἡδὲ θνητοὺς ἀνθρώπους.*

*exertest thy sway upon the immortals and the mortal men.*

εἶμι γὰρ ὀφιομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης,  
*I am about, indeed, to go yon to all nurturing earth's poles,*

Ὠκεανὸν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,  
*Ocean, the begetter of the Gods, and mother Tethys to see,*

οἳ μ' ἐν σφοῖσι δόμοισιν εὖ τρέφον ἡδ' ἀτίταλλον,  
*who me in their domes well nourished and bred,*

δεξάμενοι Ῥεΐης, ὅτε τε Κρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς  
*as they took me from Rhea, when far seeing Jove,*

γαίης νέρθε καθεῖσε καὶ ἀτρυγέτοιο θαλάσσης.  
*down to the earth, hurled, and to the barren sea, Chronos.*

τοὺς εἶμ' ὀφιομένη, καὶ σφ' ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω·  
*Thither I go to see them, and their unextinguishable strife to ease,*

ἥδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται  
*for already long they have been living separated*

εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.  
*of bed and love, since anger swayed their mind.*

εἰ κείνω γ' ἐπέεσσ' ἱπαραίπεπιθοῦσα φίλον κῆρ  
*If by dint of strowing healing soothing balmy words on their*

εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνέσχιμι ἰόμωθῆναι φιλότητι, [dear hearts,  
*I would get them to enjoy their bed, and love-charms again,*

αἰεὶ κέ σφι φίλη τε καὶ αἰδοίη καλεοίμην. »  
*ever by them a friend and a venerable Goddess should I be called.*

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε φιλομειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη  
 Thus in answer her spake laughter - loving Aphrodite.

« οὐκ ἔστ' οὐδὲ ἔοικε τὸν ἔπος ἀρνήσασθαι·  
*It is neither right nor allowable thy word to fling back,*  
 Ζηνὸς γὰρ τοῦ ἀρίστου ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἰαύεις. »  
*for in all - potent Jove 's arms thou sleepest.*

Ἥ καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσφιν ἐλύσατο κεστὸν ἱμάντα  
 She from her breast loused her stitched cestus,  
 ποικίλον, ἔνθα τέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·  
 with sparkles marked; therein all cunning charms lay;  
 ἔνθ' ἐνὶ μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἴμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς  
 therein lustful madding fever, ardent wish, sweet converse,  
 πάρφασις, ἥτ' ἐκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.  
 and doting babble, which did the mind steal even from the sages.  
 τὸν ῥά οἱ ἐμβάλε χερσὶν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν  
 Such a cestus she laid on her hand, and, calling her ten-  
 derly, by name, said thus:

« τῇ νῦν, τοῦτον ἱμάντα τῷ ἐγκάτθεο κόλπῳ,  
*Take such a cestus, hide it within thy lap,*  
 ποικίλον, ᾧ ἐνὶ πάντα τετεύχεται· οὐδέ σέ φημι  
 with speckles marked, in which all love charms lie; nor I say thee  
 ἀπρηκτόν γε νέεσθαι, ἕ τι φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς.  
*to come back, till thou hast fulfilled what in thy mind che-*  
 ὧς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη, [rishest.  
 Thus she spoke; smiled the ox - eyed venerable Hera,  
 μειδῆσασα δ' ἔπειτα ἔῳ ἐγκάτθετο κόλπῳ.  
 and, still with smile beaming, she concealed it in her lap.

Ἡ μὲν ἔβη πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,

Moved then to her dome, God's daughter, Aphrodite;

Ἡρῇ δ' αἰξασα λίπεν ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο,

Hera hastily left Olympus' brow,

Πιερίην δ' ἐπιβᾶσα καὶ Ἠμαθίην ἐρατεινήν

Pieria crossed and Emathia ever pleasant,

σεύατ' ἐρ' ἱπποπόλων Θρηκῶν ὄρεα νιρόεντα,

her winged aery flight spread through the snowy hills of  
the horse-racing Thracæ,

ἀκροτάτας κορυφάς· οὐδὲ χθόνα μάρπτε ποδοῖν·

and the high-towering tops; nor she ever touched with  
her feet the ground.

ἐξ Ἀθώω δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ἐβήσατο κυμαίνοντα,

She from Athos to the waving sea flew down,

Λῆμνον δ' εἰσπρίκκνυ, πόλιν θείοιο Θέαντος.

reached Lemnos, the thunderer's city.

ἐνθ' Ὑπνω ξύμβλητο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτῳ,

There she met Hypnos, Death's half-brother,

ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῶ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνομαζέεν.

his hand she pressed, and tenderly calling him by name,  
thus, she him addressed:

« Ὑπνε, ἀναξ πάντων τε θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων,

*Hypnos, who exer'st thy sway over all Gods and men,*

ἤμην δὴ ποτ' ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες, ἥδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν

*if ever thou didst bend thy ear to a word of mine, now too*

*πείθου· ἐγὼ δὲ κέ τοι ἰδέω χάριν ἡματ' πάντα.*

*my prayer speed. I will live to be ever thankful unto thee for it,*

*καί μ' ἐσόν μοι Ζηνὸς ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν ὅσπε φαινώ,*

*seal me Jove's beaming eye-brows,*

*αὐτίκ' ἐπεὶ κεν ἐγὼ παρ' ἀλέξομαι ἐν φιλότῃ.*

*whilst I lie in love's rapture clasped.*



δῶρα δέ τοι δώσω καλὸν θρόνον, ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ,  
*I will grant thee a gorgeous gold throne, uncorrupted for ever.*  
 χρύσειον Ἡφαιστός δέ κ' ἐμὸς παῖς ἀμφιγυθεὶς

\* *Hephaestus, my child, in his both feet crippled,*  
 τεύξει ἀσκήσας, ὑπὸ δὲ θρήνων ποσὶν ἦσει,  
*shall mould it skilfully, and beneath, a foot-stool lay, "*  
 τῷ κεν ἐπισχοίης λιπαροὺς πόδας εἰλαπινάζων.  
*on which thou mayst impose thy plump feet, when banqueting.*  
 τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφώνεε νήδυμος Ὕπνος  
*In answer thus her said soft Hypnos:*

« Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεᾶ, θύγατερ μεγάλιο Κρόνοιο,  
*Hera, Venerable Goddess, daughter of great Chronos,*  
 ἄλλον μὲν κεν ἔγωγε θεῶν αἰείγενετῶν  
*every one I can of all immortal Gods*  
 ῥεῖα κατευνήσασμαι, καὶ ἄν ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα  
*easily lull unto slumber, even streamy Ocean's surges,*  
 Ὠκεανοῦ, ὅσπερ γένεσις πάντεσσι τέτυκται·

\* *of all things begetter.*  
 Ζηνὸς δ' οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε Κρονίονος ἄσσον ἐκοίμην,  
*Jove Chronos - born I would yet by no means approach*  
 οὐδὲ κατευνήσασμαι, ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε κελεύοι.  
*or cause to rest, but when he bids me.*

ἡδὴ γάρ με καὶ ἄλλο τεὴ ἐπίνυσσεν ἐφετμῇ,  
*Another heft of thine blest me with a wiser mind already,*  
 ἡματι τῷ ὅτε κεῖνος ὑπέρθυμος Διὸς υἱὸς  
*when Jove's proud son*  
 ἔπλεεν Ἰλίοθεν, Τρώων πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξας.  
*sailed from Ilion, after Troy sank, a smoking ruin on the*  
 ἥτοι ἐγὼ μὲν ἔλεξα Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο [ground].  
*I aegis - shaking Jove's mind lulled to slumberous rest,*

νήδυμος ἀμφιγυθείς· σὺ δέ οἱ κκκὰ μήσαο θυμῷ,  
*a soft slumber pouring on his watchful eyes. Thou meanwhile*  
*dark thoughts wert brooding,*

ὄρσας' ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἐπὶ πόντον ἄητας,  
*didst raise fierce a wind on the sea,*  
 καὶ μιν ἐπειτα Κόωνδ' εὐναϊομένην ἀπένεικας,  
*and him on the Coan shore, stocked with people, didst toss,*  
 νόσφι φίλων πάντων. ὁ δ' ἐπεγρόμενος χυλῆπαινεν,  
*torn far from all friends, he, starting broad awoken, got*  
*suddenly incensed,*

ρίπτάζων κατὰ δῶμα θεοῦς, ἐμὲ δ' ἐΐσοχα πάντων  
*and driving through the Olympian hall the Gods, me chiefly*  
 ζήτει· καὶ κέ μ' αἶστον ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἔμβλε πόντῳ,  
*chased; and me wretched from heaven had hurled headlong in*  
 εἰ μὴ Νύξ δμῆτειρα θεῶν εἰσάωσσε καὶ ἀνδρῶν· [the sea,  
*had not Night, sovereign of men and gods, rescued me,*  
 τὴν ἱκόμην φεύγων, ὁ δ' ἐπαύσατο, χυόμενός περ.  
*To her I repaired fleeing, he cooled his anger,*  
 ἄλζετο γὰρ μὴ Νυκτὶ θεῶν ἀποθύμια ἔρδοι.  
*for he revered her nor to swift night would he do any wrong.*  
 νῦν αὖ τοῦτό μ' ἀνωγας ἀμήχανον ἄλλο τελέσσαι. »  
*Now again thou biddest me to try another hard attempt !*

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρα  
*Him thus in answer said the ox-eyed venerable Hera:*  
 « Ὕπνε, τίη δὲ σὺ ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς;  
*Hypnos, why dost thou such fear in thy mind brood ?*  
 ἢ φῆς ὥς Τρώεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν εὐρύσπεα Ζῆν  
*Dost thou perchancest think may far-seeing Jove aid the Trojans,*  
 ὥς Ἡρακλῆος περιγῶσατο, πειδὸς ἐοῖο;  
*as when he for Heracles got incensed, his son ?*

ἀλλ' ἴθ', ἐγὼ δὲ κέ τοι Χαρίτων μίαν ὀπλοτεράων  
*Come on! I the minor of the young Charites*

δῶσω ὑπνιέμεναι καὶ σὴν κεκληῖσθαι ἄκοιτιν  
*grant thee in wedlock, that thou may greet her thy wife*  
 [Πασιθέην, ἧς αἰὲν ἐέλδαι ἤματα πάντα.] »

— *Pasithea, on whom I long since doatest* —

ὦς φάτο, χήρατο δ' ὕπνος, ἀμειβόμενος δὲ πρὸς ἡύδα,  
*She spake and Hypnos rejoiced, and in answer thus he said:*

« ἄγρει νῦν μοι ὅμοσσον ἀάατον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ·

*Come on, swear presently by the greedy Styx' waves,*

χειρὶ δὲ τῇ ἐτέρῃ μὲν ἔλθε χθόνα πολυβότειραν,  
*let one hand touch the foodful earth*

τῇ δ' ἐτέρῃ ἄλλα μαρμαρέην, ἵνα νῶϊν ἅπαντες

*and the other the beaming sea, that there may us*

μάρτυροι ὥς· οἱ ἔνερθε θεοὶ Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἐόντες,  
*be witnesses all nethermost gods who Chronos all round begird,*

ἧ μὲν ἐμοὶ δώσειν Χαρίτων μίαν ὀπλοτεράων,  
*that thou shall grant me the minor of the young charites,*

Πασιθέην, ἧς τ' αὐτὸς ἐέλδομαι ἤματα πάντα. »

*Pasithea, on whom I long since doat.*

ὦς ἔφατ' οὐδ', ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,

*Thus he said, nor durst white — elbowed Hera disobey;*

ὥμνε δ' ὥς ἐκέλευε, θεοὺς δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἅπαντας

*she swore, as she was bidden; the gods she invoked all,*

τοὺς ὑποταρταρίους, οἱ Τιτῆνες καλέονται.

*who the tartarean kingdoms dwell, Titans by name.*

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὁμόσεν τε τελεύτησέν τε τὸν ὄρκον,

*Thus she swore, and, as soon she uttered such an oath,*

τῷ βήτην Λήμνου τε καὶ Ἴμβρου ἄστν λιπόντε,

*they strode over Lemnos and Imbrus city,*

ἥρπα ἑσσαμένω, ῥίμῃα πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.  
and, with air clad, steered their swift flight aloft.  
Ἴδην δ' ἰξέσθην πολυπίδχα, μητέρα θηρῶν,  
Ide they clomb fount-ful and begetter of savage game,  
Λεκτόν, ὅθι πρῶτον λιπέτην ἄλα. τὼ δ' ἐπὶ χέρσου  
on Lectos they first left the sea. Through firm land then  
βήτην, ἀκροτάτῃ δὲ ποδῶν ὕπο σείετο ὕλη.  
they went; the highest mount's woody top under their feet  
shook throughout.

ἐνθ' ὕπνος μὲν ἐμεινε, πάρος Διὸς ὅσσε ἰδέσθαι,  
There Hypnos halted, that Jove's eyes might not perceive him;  
εἰς ἐλάτῃν ἀνχβὰς περιμήκετον, ἣ τότε ἐν Ἴδῃ  
a pine clomb high, which in Ide  
μακροτάτῃ περυσίᾳ δι' ἡέρος, αἰθέρ' ἔκκινεν·  
— a large giant bulk grown — through the air, skyward, rears;  
ἐνθ' ἦεν ὄζοισιν πεπικατμένος εἰλατίνοισιν,  
there he stood into the gloom of the thickest shade, hidden  
amid pine branches.

ὄρνιθι λιγυρῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἦντ' ἐν ὄρεσσι  
a melodious bird-like, which in the mountains  
χελκίδα κυκλήσκουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ κύμινδιν.  
Chalcis call the Gods, the men Cymindis.

Ἥρη δὲ κραίπνας προσεβήσετο Γάργαρον ἄκρον  
Hera shot straight to the Gargarus' top

Ἰδης ὑψηλῆς· ἶδε δὲ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.  
of high Ida; cloud compelling Jove perceived her.

ὥς δ' ἶδεν, ὥς μιν Ἔρως πυκινὰς φρένας ἀμπεκάλυψεν,  
As soon he saw her, Eros his wise mind veiled all round,  
οἷον ὅτ' ἐπρῶτον περ ἐμισγέσθην φιλότῃ,  
as when first they mixed in love,

εἰς εὐνὴν φοιτῶντα, φίλους λήθοντε τοκῆς. [parents.  
and the bed enjoyed stealthily, unperceived by their dear  
στῆ δ' αὐτῆς προπάροιθεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν  
He came over to her and her said thus, her by name greeting:  
« Ἥρη, πῇ μεμαυῖα κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνεις;  
*Hera, what art thou about to search, from Olympian dome away?*  
ἵπποι δ' οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἄρματα, τῶν κ' ἐπιβάτης. »  
*by neither horse nor chariot driven, as it is thy wont? »*  
Τὸν δὲ δολογρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη  
Him thus the artful Venerable Hera in answer said:  
ἔργου γὰρ ὀψομένη πολυρόρβου πείρατα γαίης,  
*« I am about indeed to go yon to all - nurturing earth's poles,*  
Ὠκεανὸν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύιν,  
*Ocean, the begetter of the Gods, and mother Tethys to see.*  
οἳ μ' ἐν σροῖσι δόμοισιν εὖ τρέφον ἢ δ' ἀτίτταλλον  
*who me in their domes well nourished and bred;*  
τούς εἴμι' ὀψομένη, καὶ σφ' ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω.  
*thither I go to see them, and their unextinguishable strife to end.*  
ἤδη γὰρ δὴρὸν χρένον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχοντα  
For already long it is they live separated  
εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.  
of bed and love, since anger swayed their mind.  
ἵπποι δ' ἐν πρυμνωρείῃ πολυπίδακος Ἰδῆς  
My steeds yonder, by the fountful Ide's snattered side,  
ἑστᾶς, οἳ μ' οἴσουσιν ἐπὶ τραφερὴν τε καὶ ὑγρὴν.  
I did stop, those which drive me rapt through land and sea.  
νῦν δὲ σεῦ εἵνεκα δεῦρο κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνω,  
Now, for thy sake, hither from Olympus I come,  
μή πῶς μοι μετέπειτα χολώσεται, αἶψα σωπῇ  
that thou mightest not afterwards get incensed for my silently

οἴχωμαι πρὸς δῶμα βαρυρρόου Ὀκεανοῖο. »  
 going to the dore of deep - streaming Ocean. »  
 Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς  
 To her thus in answer said cloud - compelling Jove:  
 « Ἥρη, κεῖσε μὲν ἔστι καὶ ὕστερον ὁρμηθῆναι,  
 Hera, thither thou mayest ever afterwards go,  
 νῶϊ δ' ἄγ' ἐν φιλότῃ τραπεύομεν εὐνηθέντε  
 come on! let us first enjoy, in love's delicious rapture, the-  
 οὐ γὰρ πάποτε μ' ὧδε θεᾶς ἔρος οὐδὲ γυναικὸς. (bed;  
 never for any Goddess or woman Eros  
 θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι περιπροχυθεὶς ἐδάμασσεν,  
 \* in my breast spreading, my heart won thus,  
 (οὐδ' ὅπότε ἤρασάμην Ἰξιονίης ἀλόχοιο,  
 (neither when I got smit with Ixion's bride,  
 ἢ τέκε Πειρίθοον, θέοφιν μῆστωρ' ἀτάλαντον·  
 who brought forth Pirithous, Godlike, wise in council,  
 οὐδ' ὅτε περ Δανάης καλλισφύρου Ἀκρισιῶνης,  
 neither when I got smit with Danaë, fair footed Acrisiane,  
 ἢ τέκε Περσῆα, πάντων ἀριδείκτετον ἀνδρῶν·  
 who bore Perseus, amid all men long after known,  
 οὐδ' ὅτε Φοῖνικος κόρυς τηλεκλειτοῖο,  
 neither when I was smit with Phoenix, a damsel foremost in fame,  
 ἢ τέκε μοι Μίνω τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Ῥαδάμανθυν·  
 who bore me Minos and god-like Rhadamanth;  
 οὐδ' ὅτε περ Σεμέλης οὐδ' Ἀλκμήνης ἐνὶ θήβῃ,  
 neither when I got smit with Semele or Alcmena in Thebes,  
 ἢ ῥ' Ἡρακλῆα κρατερόφρονα γαίνατο παῖδα·  
 who bore dauntless Heracles child,  
 ἢ δὲ Διώνυσον Σεμέλη τέκε, χάριμα βροτοῖσιν·  
 while Semele bore Dionysius, blest in all those charms that  
 please men,

οὐδ' ὅτε Δήμητρος κλλιπλοκάμοιο ἀνάσσης,  
 neither when I got smit with Demeter, fair-haired queen,  
 οὐδ' ὅποτε Λητοῦς ἐρικυδέος, οὐδὲ σεῦ αὐτῆς,)  
 nor when I got smit with Latona well-known, nor with thyself,  
 ὥς σέο νῦν ἔραμι καὶ με γλυκὺς ἔμερος αἰρεῖ. »  
 as I am burning now for thee, and a sweet desire seizes me. »  
 Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνι Ἥρη  
 Him the wile—ful thus answered venerable Hera:  
 « αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον εἶπες.  
 Mighty Jove Chronos-born, what dost thou say ?  
 εἰ νῦν ἐν φιλότῃ λιλαίεαι εὐνηθῆναι  
 dost thou wish now in love to lie down  
 Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇ, τὰ δὲ προπέρχονται ἄπαντες,  
 on Idaean brow, being all spectators ?  
 πῶς γ' εἴ τι νῦν θεῶν αἰειγενετῶν  
 Here there may be present some one of the immortals;  
 εὐδοντ' ἀθρήσεις, θεοῖσι δὲ πᾶσι μετελθὼν  
 who, seeing us sleep, might to all Gods go,  
 περράδοι; οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε τεὸν πρὸς δῶμα νεοίμην  
 and say it: how could I to thy dome then return,  
 εἴ εὐνῇ ἀνστᾶσα, νεμεσσητὸν δὲ κεν εἴη.  
 from the bed rising ? That would be shameful !  
 ἀλλ' εἰ δὴ ῥ' ἐθέλεις καὶ τοι φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ,  
 But, if thou dost covet it, and with ardour does thy heart glow,  
 ἔστιν τοι θάλαμος, τὸν τοι φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν  
 there is thy alcove, which for thee thy dear child constructed  
 Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας στῆθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσεν. [ned]  
 Hephaestus, and whose solid gates he with pillars round strengthe-  
 ἐνθ' ἴομεν κείμεναι, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εὖχθεν εὐνή. »  
 let us go thither to lie, since pleases thee the genial bed to enjoy,

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς

Her thus in answer said cloud-compelling Jove:

« Ἥρη, μήτε θεῶν τόγε δειδῖθι μήτε τιν' ἀνδρῶν

« Hera, fear not, no God or mortal

ὄψεσθαι. τοῖόν τοι ἐγὼ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω,

shall see us. Such a golden cloud will conceal thee all round,

χρύσειον οὐδ' ἂν νῶϊ διαδράκῃ Ἥελιός περ,

\* that not even Helios might look through,

οὔτε καὶ ὀξύτατον πέλεται φῶς εισοράσθαι. »

nor the keenest new — risen day light might spy

Ἥ ῥα καὶ ἀγκᾶς ἐμάρπτε Κρόνου παῖς ᾧ παράκοιτιν·

And straight in his arms Jove, Chronos born, clasped his wife

τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ χθών δι' αὖ φύν νεοθιλέα ποίην,

and beneath them the divine ground grew new verdant herbs,

λωτόν θ' ἐρσηέντα ἰδὲ κρόκον ῥδ' ὑάκινθον

lotus dewy and crocus and hyacinth

πυκνὸν καὶ μαλακὸν, ὃς ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἐέργεν.

thick and soft, which from the ground upheld them high

τῷ ἐνὶ λεξάσθην, ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἔσσαντο

Therein they lay, in a veil of clouds shrouded,

καλὴν χρυσεῖην· στιλπνὰ δ' ἀπέπιπτον ἔερσαι

beautiful, with gold inwoven, bright fell a shower of dewy  
drops down.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀτρέμας εὖδε πατὴρ ἀνὰ Γαργάρω ἀκρῷ

As Jove father sinks to quiet on Gargarus' top,

ὑπνῷ καὶ φιλότῃτι δαμνεί, ἔ'χε δ' ἀγκᾶς ἀκοιτίν·

with sleep and love exhausted, in his wife's womb,

βῆ δὲ θέειν ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν νήδυμος Ὕπνος,

went straight to the navy of the Achaei soft Hypnos

ἀγγελίην ἐρέων γαιήοχῳ ἐννοσιγαίῳ.

the message to bring to the earth — girding Ennosigaeus,



ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἰστάμενος, ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα  
 and accosting him, such winged words he said:  
 « Πρόφρων νῦν Δαναοῖσι, Ποσείδων, ἐπάμυνε,  
 « In aid of the Danai, Posideon, engage thyself,  
 καί σπιν κῦδος ο'παζε μίνυνθά περ, ὄφρ' ἔτι ἔσδῃ  
 and set them in glory what time Jove's eyes be sealed in sleep,  
 Ζεῦς, ἐπεὶ αὐτῷ ἐγὼ μολυβδὸν περὶ κῶμ' ἐκάλυψα·  
 \* for I him with soft lethargic charms lulled,  
 « Ἥρῃ δ' ἐν φιλότῃτι προήπαφεν εὐνηθῆναι. »  
 while at Hera in love — heat got him by fraud to lie. »

Thus far we have been seeing of what mould or substance, how boned and fleshed, how tied and manacled with joint or limb are Homer's imagineries.

Let us go a step farther now with Chaucer's own sharp-cut pictures — in which all vivid and living people wear the plain every day clothes of the time — how different and yet in many respects how like Homer's pictures, whether penned in serious vein or jocose.

Serious and truer comparative results will be attainable for us by their mere juxtaposition in the wild naïve way of clustering about their natural stalk.

In Homer we cannot be but strongly shocked by such a kind of betraying power, seemingly unholy and ungodly, mingling with the vile mephitic vapours, and dimming with the high expanded shade of its graceful lies, hypocrisies, and speciosities the idea of divinity. Yet the fact that Homer maintains still some sense of spiritual prompting — divine white heat — in such wily opulence, flourishing all round in those foaming fens, is no doubt remarkable.

Nor is yet possible to lose sight of the realistic temper of the Greek mind, bent to cast god-head into a corporeal

tangible mould, and to bring back, as in a mirror, the image of its own humanity.

Nothing can possibly bring out a more affecting result than the above stated sketch Homer has fashioned us — chiefly a mere epigrammatic sputter of god-head, proceeding through all errors and follies of humanity, until its more spiritual part grows gradually smaller and so much of it, as by nature adheres an animal mould, is left.

Rightly conceived, Homer's sketch is not so much a token of a dim, flimsy idea of the divine nature of the Gods as a token of a deep insight into the human.

So far as we can notice, man, in the way of indulging or solacing ingenuous human instinct of worship, obeys the Gods and sacrifices to them; but such a quiet worship, well tempered with a gay humorous mockery, with a light flowing banter, with a rebuke or a reprobation — whenever their behaviour may appear somehow ungodly and unholy or less lovely, wise or veracious than man's behaviour — slides never into an unpleasant, utterly dejected, down-cast spirit.

Nothing can better than this passage—*Δὲ; ἀπάτη*—help us to the farther changes, still undeciphered, in Chaucer's derivative temper, and enable us to proceed on calling in our view the bodily presence of his personages and meddle with the transactions and religious mockeries of an epoch, of which the entire upshot was a social caste-system under priestly rule, temporal misbehaviour, and corporate forms of industry.

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## LEAVE

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There ought have been a philological glossary in this volume.

**Signor Vincenzo Molino**, always swift to put out his hand to force a trip into a fall, has unfairly and ungainly refused me just now the free usage and aid at home of the English Imperial Dictionary by Ogilvie, belonging to the library of the royal Technical Institute, where I give my oral teaching.

Then the glossary is deferred; it will be given at the close of the second part of this work.

May meanwhile **Signor Molino** achieve power to be just and kind to everybody and keep all bitterness and unscholarlike opposition within sufferable bounds.

Modica, November 1902.

*Gino Capone*

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(1) *The Imperial Dictionary of the English Language* by John Ogilvie — New Edition by Charles Annandale — illustrated by above three thousand engravings printed in the text — Blackie and Son, Limited — London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin.

## POSTILLA

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*Mi parrebbe di essere peggio che scortese, sleale, se nel licenziare gli ultimi fogli di questo volumetto, non ricordassi con grato animo qui in calce che la vertenza coll' egregio Preside, CAV. VINCENZO MOLINO circa l' uso dello **Imperial Dictionary**, di cui è cenno nel mio **Congedo** (Leave) è stata in seguito, mercè l'opera conciliatrice dell' Esimio Prof. LUIGI MARINO, lustro e decoro de l'Ateneo Catanese, a cui vada memore il mio reverente saluto, onorevolmente composta. Cadono quindi gli apprezzamenti **ab-trato** ivi fatti e lealmente riconosco nel Preside Molino su ricordato un aiutatore benevolo e cortese.*

*Modica, li 4 Gennaio 1903.*

*G. Caponeo*

*In preparazione:*

J. CAPONE

AN ATTEMPT TOWARDS THE HISTO-  
RY OF GLOTTOLOGY, FROM ITS EAR-  
LIEST FAINT GLEAMINGS IN PLATO'S  
KRATYLOS, ABOUT NAMING RIGHTLY,  
TO THE PRESENT TIME \* \* \* \*

Ἄρ' οὖν καὶ ἔτι; οὗτω δὲ πρῶτοι μὲν  
τὰ φωνήεντα διελίθουσι, ἔπειτα τῶν ἐτίρων  
κατ' εἶδη γὰρ τ' ἄφωνα καὶ ἄφρογγα . . . .  
καὶ τὰ αὖ φωνήεντα μὲν οὐ, οὐ μὲντοι γ'  
ἄφρογγα; καὶ αὐτῶν τῶν φωνηέντων ἕσα διά-  
φορα εἶδη ἔτι; ἀλλήλων.

(We must first distinguish vowel sounds, then voiceless and soundless consonants, according to their kind, and those which are neither vowels, nor voiceless and soundless consonants, and, as to the vowels, how many a kind there are, differing each other.)

Πλάτων — Κράτυλος, XXXV.

## ERRATA - CORRIGE

Pag. VI	—	rigo 13	invece di	ὀππότῃ	leggasi	ὀππότῃ
" VIII	—	" 21	"	<i>fram</i>	"	<i>from</i>
" VIII	—	" 10	"	'εχει	"	ἔχει
" IX	—	" 5	"	ζωπυρίων	"	Ζωπυρίων
" IX	—	" 7	"	αἰθάνεται	"	αἰθάσσεται
" IX	—	" 15	"	τρισεκαδεκάπαυς	"	τρισεκαδεκά- παυς
" IX	—	" 11	"	'απρὺς	"	ἄπρὺς
" IX	—	" 17	"	φλόρος	"	φλόρις
" X	—	" 5	"	τῷ	"	τῷ
" X	—	" 15	"	δὴ	"	δὴ
" X	—	" 19	"	'εγγει	"	ἐγγει
" XI	—	" 11	"	παῖσθε	"	παῖσθε
" XII	—	" 27	"	παρενδεδυ	"	παρενδεδυ
" XIII	—	" 8	"	ζεύς	"	Ζεύς
" XIII	—	" 12	"	Θεσπίσιος	"	Θεσπίσιος
" XV	—	" 4	"	<i>strenger</i>	"	<i>stranger</i>
" XVII	—	" 15	"	παίζουσ'	"	παίζουσ'
" XX	—	" 34	"	Lalin	"	Latin
" XXIX	—	" 24	"	'ρ	"	ῥ
" XXXI	—	" 22	"	δὴ	"	δὴ
" XXXIII	—	" 14	"	χαλκωγᾶτις	"	χαλκωγᾶτις
" XXXIV	—	" 3	"	ὥκυν	"	ὥκυν
" XXXV	—	" 3	"	Θεοῖσιν	"	Θεοῖσιν
" XXXV	—	" 12	"	willst	"	wilt
" XXXVI	—	" 2	"	will	"	would
" XXXVII	—	" 15	"	τι	"	τι
" XXXVIII	—	" 21	"	beseechs	"	beseech

"	XXXVIII	—	"	20	"	εισελθών	"	εισελθών
"	XXXIX	—	"	3	"	ἰδιω	"	ἰδιω
"	XXXIX	—	"	7	"	ἰσώση	"	ἰσώση
"	XL	—	"	7	"	καταλήνη	"	καταλήνη — [ Σφήκες — 550-575 — ]
"	XLIII	—	"	(nota)	"	<i>edidid</i>	"	<i>edidil</i>
"	XLIX	—	"	6	"	κληίδι	"	κληίδι
"	L <sup>8</sup>	—	"	28	"	Iove	"	Jove
"	LIV	—	"	16	"	ἔγωγε	"	ἔγωγε
"	LXI	—	"	29	"	ἄστυ	"	ἄστυ
"	LVII	—	"	14	"	αἰθέρ	"	αἰθέρ
"	LIX	—	"	25	"	ὄτε	"	ὄτε
"	LX	—	"	15	"	εὔ	"	εἶ
"	LXI	—	"	21	"	ἔεραι	"	ἔερσαι
"	LXII	—	"	5	"	ὄφρ' ἔτι· ἔϋδαί	"	ὄφρ' ἔτι· εὔδαί



DELLO STESSO AUTORE:

*In preparazione:*

## L' Imposta fondiaria

*ne la storia de le dottrine e dei fatti economici*

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*The dismal science people will object that their science expressly abstracts itself from moralities, but no science worthy of men (and not worthier of dogs or of devils) has a right to call itself political economy or can exist at all except mainly as a fetid nuisance and a public poison on other terms .....*

*Carlyle*

N. B. — Ne diamo qui un saggio, tratto da la pregevole Rivista: *La Giurisprudenza del Tribunale di Modica*, diretta dal Cav. Avv. Prof. Antonino Galfo-Ruta, (fasc. del Gennaio 1903.)



*I cultori de la scienza sinistra (l'economia politica) obbietteranno che la loro disciplina espressamente astrae da la morale; ma nessuna scienza al mondo degna di uomini (non per avventura degna di cani e diavoli) ha diritto di chiamarsi « economia politica » o può esistere affatto, a meno che non voglia essere un putrido nocumento ed un pubblico tossico, fondata su tutt'altra base che non sia la morale . . . .*

*Carlyle*

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ERRATA-CORRIGE

A pag. 8 della copert. — rigo 17 invece di *truppo* leggasi *troppo*  
 " 4 " " 5 " *firmness* " *firmness*  
 " 4 " " 5 " *excess* " *excess*

## DIVAGAZIONI ECONOMICHE <sup>(1)</sup>

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### IV

Il Thiers considera anch'egli l'imposta dal vecchio punto di vista di premio di assicurazione.

In base a ciò, egli denuncia la progressione come fonte di odio e di arbitrio e stabilisce che ciascuno debba contribuire alle spese pubbliche, in proporzione della ricchezza assicurata, dei diritti protetti.

Se non che autori più recenti, obiettano che il premio nelle assicurazioni non è commisurato soltanto alla quantità ed al valore dei beni assicurati, ma al rischio diverso, alla maggiore o minore probabilità di perdita.

Un milione di lire appartenenti ad un

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(1) Queste brevi e fugaci note formano parte d'un corso interinale, svolto da la cattedra di Economia Politica nel locale R. Istituto Tecnico di Modica nel Febbraio 1902. Il lettore che abbia vaghezza di leggere le puntate precedenti è rimandato ai fascicoli della *Giurisprudenza del Tribunale di Modica* del decorso anno.

solo possessore offrono maggior rischio di esser rubate o saccheggiate che lo stesso ammontare distribuito tra una miriade di piccoli possessori.

Aggiungasi a ciò, come sostengono il Condorcet, il Garnier, l'Eisenhart ed il Judeich che i benefici che si ritraggono per ciò dallo Stato crescono più rapidamente che la proprietà od il reddito stesso.

Molte spese pubbliche hanno per obiettivo di proteggere il ricco contro il povero e quindi il ricco potrebbe per ciò stesso contribuire relativamente di più.

Il Fauveau, entrando nel vivo dell'argomento, ha tentato di dimostrare che il valore della protezione cresce in ragione più che proporzionale all'incremento del reddito della proprietà.

Il valore della protezione da parte dello Stato per un uomo che possiede un milione non è esattamente il decuplo del valore della protezione per un uomo che possiede centomila dollari.

Se non che il Seligman obietta:

« Un uomo, sfornito interamente di red-

dito o di proprietà, può, facendosi ricoverare in un ospizio di poveri, provocare una spesa di gran lunga maggiore di quella richiesta da cento possessori di un reddito minore.

« Il milionario che si avvale de' suoi propri guardiani, dei suoi propri *detectives* cagiona allo stato una spesa di gran lunga minore di quella richiesta dai minori possessori che per alcuni determinati servigi debbono dipendere interamente dall'azione dello Stato.

« Il ricco manda i propri figli alle scuole private ed ai collegi, il povero ha i suoi figli educati gratuitamente nelle pubbliche scuole.

« Se può esservi comparazione tra le funzioni dello stato ed i privati interessi, lo Stato può essere rassomigliato ad un'impresa ferroviaria, i cui affari e le cui entrate possono crescere grandemente senza produrre un proporzionale incremento di spesa, perchè talune spese sono carichi fissi, non variabili:

« Non costa mica allo Stato dieci volte di più definire una contestazione giudiziaria di mille lire che una lite di cento.

« Alcune spese dello Stato variano col variare della proprietà, ma la massima parte crescono in una ragione men che proporzionale.

« E, dal punto di vista dei vantaggi arrecati, chi oserebbe sostenere che la protezione accordata alla vita ed agli averi di un poveruomo non abbia lo stesso valore di quella accordata alla vita ed agli averi di un uomo ricco sfondolato?

« Se la protezione ed il beneficio dovessero essere il solo criterio misuratore dell'imposta, la scala dovrebbe essere degressiva, anziché progressiva, giacchè nè la protezione nè il beneficio crescono proporzionalmente alla proprietà od al reddito.

« Logicamente, il povero dovrebbe pagare in proporzione maggiore del ricco.

« Del resto l'argomentazione, comunque la si giri, in favore o contro l'imposta progressiva, è inconcludente.

« La questione dei benefici che un individuo ritrae da l'azione dello stato è una questione meramente psicologica.

Non dovrebbe logicamente condurre né ad una tassazione proporzionale, né ad una tassazione progressiva o degressiva che sia.

Il grado di valutazione d'un determinato beneficio da parte del contribuente dipende da una molteplicità di motivi che possono differire in ogni caso individuale.

Un povero può valutarlo più, può valutarlo meno d'un ricco.

Due egualmente ricchi possono valutarlo in due gradi differenti.

Non havvi misura assoluta che tenga dunque.

I benefici sono incommensurabili.

Il Proudhon stesso respinge assolutamente il concetto di assicurazione.

La parola « *assicurazione* » a suo avviso, presa come sinonimo d'imposta, non è in fondo altro che la garanzia data al proprietario contro tutti quei che possono in un modo qualsiasi attentare alla proprietà.

Assimilare l'imposta all'assicurazione, conclude il Proudhon, è arrecare ingiuria alla società.

Emilio de Girardin dice:

« Noi non comprendiamo altrimenti l'imposta che come premio di assicurazione pagata da quei che posseggono per assi-

curarsi contro i rischi che tendono a turbare il loro possèso e godimento ».

Valga per tutti il rischio di rivoluzione. E uno dei difetti di M. De Girardin, ribatte il Proudhon, quello di non sapersi disfare delle preoccupazioni del suo tempo.

Si vede bene ch'egli ha attraversato la rivoluzione del 1848 e ch'essa gli ha fatto paura. L'idea di fare dell'imposta una assicurazione, se fosse accolta, proverebbe tre cose:

1. che la società, sedicentesi rigenerata dai principii della rivoluzione, non crede punto alla giustizia.

2. ch'essa non crede al diritto di proprietà, ma solo al fatto compiuto.

3. che in conseguenza, per mantenere lo *statu quo*, bisogna ricorrere di rimpetto alle classi non abbienti a tutti i mezzi richiesti a tutelare la sicurezza e che si riassumono in un motto solo: *forza*.

Che vuol intendere, prosegue il Proudhon, M. De Girardin per rischio di rivoluzione? Intende egli il guasto arrecato alla proprietà in una rivolta?

No, il suo concetto non ha una portata così angusta.

Il rischio di rivoluzione è il rischio della rendita, del monopolio, del capitale, quali sono al presente stabiliti. Il rischio di rivoluzione era nel 1789 l'abolizione dei diritti feudali e la ripresa dei beni del clero, nel 1847 il suffragio universale, nel 1852 la conversione dal 5 al  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ .

Potrà essere domani la ripresa delle ferrovie e dei diversi servizi pubblici indebitamente alienati.

L'assicurazione contro i sinistri derivanti dal caso fortuito e dalla forza maggiore può formare, come la viabilità e la banca, un ramo di servizio pubblico; inteso nel senso di M.<sup>r</sup> De Girardin, sarebbe una novella incarnazione della feudalità, un tornare indietro di due secoli.

Così dice il Proudhon ed a ragione.

Se non che, egli, pur respingendo la teorica dell'assicurazione, ritiene che l'imposta sia data non dal valore della protezione accordata a l'individuo, ma dal valore di costo del servizio stesso.



Ogni contribuente deve pagare allo Stato precisamente il valore di costo del servizio prodotto. L'imposta non è che l'aliquota da pagarsi da ogni cittadino per sopperire al mantenimento dei servizi pubblici. Principio questo suggerito al Proudhon dallo Chaunet, il quale definisce così il tributo:

« Il tributo non è che un'azione sottoscritta e pagata da ogni individuo, né la speranza legittima di cavarne un utile proporzionale.

Donde segue che la società deve in benefici e godimenti ad ogni contribuente un dividendo proporzionale alla rata d'imposta pagata. Da questa nozione si cava, ad avviso del Proudhon, il concetto informatore de l'imposta che in fondo non è altro che uno scambio.

Tutto ciò che lo Stato dà ai cittadini in servizi d'ogni sorta dev'essere l'equivalente esatto di quello che domanda loro sotto forma d'imposta.

Assimilare lo Stato ad una branca della produzione è quasi un'irriverenza, un sacrilegio. Ma gli affari, dice il Proudhon, non sono suscettibili di misticismo.

Essi hanno per formula il pareggio dei conti e, quand'anche si persistesse a fare dello Stato un'emanazione diretta de la divinità, non verrebbe perciò meno la contabilità in materia d'imposta. Lo Stato non è solo la giustizia, la polizia, la diplomazia, la guerra. È innanzi tutto una gestione di interessi collettivi; a tal uopo ed indipendentemente dall'importanza sua, alla quale nessun'altra agglomerazione d'interessi sarebbe comparabile, esso è assoggettato alla legge rigorosa del dare e dell'avere o più semplicemente allo scambio.

Posta siffatta premessa, si domanda il Proudhon:

Quale è il prezzo naturale dei servizi resi dallo Stato? — Alla quale domanda risponde senza esitare: il prezzo di costo, senza profitto di sorta.

Ne ciò è tutto.

Perché si dia l'imposta, fa d'uopo inoltre che i servizi resi dallo Stato siano riproduttivi d'utilità, cioè siano corrispondenti a dei bisogni reali che l'interesse pubblico reclama. La legge dell'offerta e della do-

manda coinvolge, dice il Proudhon, così lo stato come i privati. Già prima, nel suo volume *Contradictions économiques*, parlando incidentalmente dell'imposta, il Proudhon aveva detto:

*« L'idée originaire de l'impôt est celle d'un rachat; comme par la loi de Moïse, chaque premier nè était censé appartenir à Jehovah et devait être racheté par une offrande, ainsi l'impôt se présente partout sous les formes d'une dîme ou d'un droit régalien, par le quel le propriétaire rachète chaque année du souverain le bénéfice d'exploitation qu'il est censé ne tenir que de lui. »*

Egli è solo più tardi nel 1860, quando gli venne fatto di presentare la sua memoria sulla teorica dell'imposta al Concorso bandito dal Consiglio di Stato del Cantone di Vaud, che lasciò il suo concetto primitivo alle età precesse, in cui vigeva il diritto antico teocratico-feudale, per escogitare una teorica tributaria meglio rispondente al diritto moderno, fondata sullo scambio e sulla concorrenza economico-privata.

La teorica dello scambio di servigi pub-

blici con ricchezze private ideata dal Proudhon a base e fondamento dell'imposta, è tutt'altro che esatta ed accettabile.

Basta semplicemente obbiettare questo: che essa presuppone, a detta del Ricca-Salerno, la coesistenza di beni permutabili ed una parità di condizioni tra le parti contraenti — i cittadini e lo Stato — che sono contraddette dalla realtà. E per vero, è contraddetta dalla realtà la coesistenza di beni permutabili ne l'imposta, servigi da una parte, beni materiali dell'altra e tra gli uni e gli altri il rapporto di scambio, secondo le relazioni del valore oggettivo.

Perchè una siffatta coesistenza sussista, fa d'uopo che i servigi resi dallo Stato costituiscano materia di valore, beni permutabili, scambiantisi secondo rapporti dipendenti dalle loro condizioni intrinseche, obiettivamente uniformi ed invariabili. Il che è assolutamente contraddetto dalla realtà, la quale non ci presenta altrimenti i servigi che come bisogni soggetti a norme di valore meramente subiettivo e perciò incerte e malferme.

Il concetto dello scambio nell' imposizione tributaria si rannoda direttamente al principio de l'imposta secondo l' interesse o secondo la prestazione che, a detta del Wagner, può anche chiamarsi il principio economico-privato de l'imposta, perchè appunto scaturisce dal concetto fondamentale del sistema economico privato: lo *scambio*.

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J. CAPONE

# Commentationes ad Chaucerum

ACCEDUNT :

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΟΥΣ ΠΛΟΥΤΟΣ, ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Β.

ANGLICE AC GRAECE



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ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἷον ἀκούομεν οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν —  
οἵτινες ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν.  
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ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Β. 484-493.

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Royal Technical Institute  
Μονδονί  
1903



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A LA CARA MEMORIA  
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IL CUI  
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E  
DEVOZIONE SORORALE  
EBBE CORONAMENTO ALFINE NE LA REALITÀ

COL SUGGELLO DE LA MORTE

A LI 17 NOVEMBRE 1900.

A LA MEMORIA GENTILE E DOLENTE

DI COLEI  
IL CUI NOME SUONA GEMITO DI POESIA MELANCONICAMENTE  
FAVOLEGGIATA

LA CUI  
IMAGINE, DILEGUANTESI NEGLI ELISII

IN  
UN LENE ONDEGGIAMENTO D'ESILI FASCI DI LUCE

IRRADIA  
DI MITE FULGORE L'ANIMO MIO MEMORE  
DEDICO PIAMENTE QUESTO VOLUME

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DEVOZIONE SORORALE  
EBBE CORONAMENTO ALFINE NE LA REALITÀ

COL SUGGELLO DE LA MORTE  
A LI 17 NOVEMBRE 1900.  
A LA MEMORIA GENTILE E DOLENTE.

DI COLEI  
IL CUI NOME SUONA GEMITO DI POESIA MELANCONICAMENTE  
FAVOLEGGIATA

LA CUI  
IMAGINE, DILEGUANTESI NEGLI ELISII

IN  
UN LENE ONDEGGIAMENTO D'ESILI FASCI DI LUCE  
IRRADIA

DI MITE FULGORE L'ANIMO MIO MEMORE  
DEDICO PIAMENTE QUESTO VOLUME



ΣΩ. Τὸ δὲ διανοεῖσθαι ἄρ' ὅπερ ἐγὼ καλεῖς ;  
So. Dost thou mean by thinking what I mean ?

ΘΕΑΙ. Τί καλῶν ;  
Theae. What dost thou mean ?

ΣΩ. Λόγον, ὃν αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτὴν ἡ ψυχὴ διεξέρχεται  
περὶ ὧν ἂν σκοπῇ.

So. By thinking I mean the speechfying of soul with  
itself about what it beholds.

. . . . .

ὥστ' ἔγωγε τὸ δοξάζειν λέγειν καλῶ καὶ τὴν  
δόξαν λόγον εἰρημένον, οὐ μέντοι πρὸς ἄλλον  
οὐδὲ φωνῇ, ἀλλὰ σιγῇ πρὸς αὐτόν.

I mean by thinking to speak and by thought  
a word spoken, not to another, or orally, but  
silently to oneself.



## Al lettore,

Quel che dissi nel mio primo volume « *Commentationes ad Chaucerum* » (1) circa l'affinità de la forma de la poesia del Chaucer, là ove è più serena lucida diafana, con l'arte Omerica può parere ardito. Ardito del pari può parere il ravvicinamento che feci ivi tra la molle fluidità sonora de l'arte Chauceriana e l'agreste odor di timo del mimo Teocriteo che pure offre, certo per caso, qualche punto di contatto con la poesia Chauceriana, un senso di comune freschezza ideale, di naturalismo sereno e radioso, saliente come Teti dal fondo de l'oceano.

Ma superlativamente ardito certo parrà il raccogliere od, a dire più proprio, contaminare che faccio ora in questo secondo volume le due forme d'arte, l'aristofanea e la chauceriana.

Impossibile ravvicinarle se non a brevi tratti e di scorcio.

Una parola può bene avere varie accezioni.

(1) J. CAPONE — *Commentationes ad Chaucerum* —  
Accedunt: Θεοκρίτου Συρακοσίου ἢ Ἀδωνιαζούσι —  
Εἰδύλλιον ιε' — Ὀδυσσεΐας θ. Ὀδυσσεως Σύστασις πρὸς  
Φαίακας — Ἀριστοφάνους Σφηκές, Ἴππῆς, Θεομοφορια-  
ζούσαι. — Ἰλιάδος ξ. Διὸς ἀπάτη. — In aedibus G.  
Maltese — Modica — MDCCCCIII.

Contaminazione diceasi da' commediografi romani in un senso peculiare, determinato.

Contaminazione specifica vergiliana e staziana il Raina incisivamente dice l'episodio Ariosteo di Cloridano e Medoro e contaminazione in senso latissimo ed analogico io dico questa mia che segna nel mio pensiero i contatti ideali che intercedono tra l'arte Aristofanea e l'arte Chauceriana.

Ancora, nel volume precedente ho tentato di riprodurre tradotto l'episodio de li amori di Ares ed Afrodite (Odissea, lib. 8, vv. 266-366).

A. Olivieri, ne la puntata de la « Rivista di Filologia e d'Istruzione Classica » de l'Ottobre 1902, lo distende ed accorcia e spezzetta in istrofe ternarie con prestezza e levità d'ingegno singolari. Eccole voltate a la meglio in prosa italiana, interpunte di tratto in tratto di brevi accenni e spunti critici.

- I — *Di Ares li amori con Afrodite, di sacro mirto cinta; come pria mesciuti si furo ne 'l palagio di Hephaistos furtivi, come quegli molti doni offerì, la moglie lordò ed il letto.....*
- II — *di Hephaistos illustre. Di lungi, a lui nunzio venne Helios che li vide mescersi in amore. Hephaistos, appena ode la triste nuova,*
- III — *corre a la fucina, torvi pensieri nel cerebro volendo, sul ceppo affige un' ampia incude e reti batte rigide, indissolubili, onde ambo rimanere invescati vi possano.*
- IV — *Poichè ebbe la fraude ordita, contra Ares irato, corre a l'alcova, ove il caro talamo gli giace ed a la lettiera intorno spande sue reti;*

V — *innumere reti ecco dal tetto giù pendono, ragnatele sottilissime che niun veder potrebbe, niun pur de gli Dei immortali; con sì fine fraude desse son conteste.*

VI — *Poichè irretito ebbe il letto così, finge Lemnos adire, ben costrutta città, a lui più che ogni altra terrestre cittate cara.*

VI — *Cieco, oh! no, Ares da le auree redini spia..... adisce la magione d' Hephaistos illustre, d' amor raggiante per Afrodite di sacro mirto cinta.*

L' inciso: appena egli vede Hephaistos, illustre artefice, lontanare — è stato espunto.

Sebbene io non vegga chiara la ragione, perchè debba ritenersi interpolato, non discuto la cosa e passo oltre a tradurre:

VIII — *Ella, tornata or ora da l'onnipotente Cronide, è là assisa. Ares entra, le stringe la mano e, chiamandola per nome, le parla così:*

IX — *Su, amica, a letto, ad addormirci. Hephaistos è lungi di casa, via; verso Lemno volge ai Sintii da la selvaggia roce.*

X — *Così egli parla; in lei un subito desio di giacere arde, conflagra ed ambo, recatisi a letto, giacciono. Loro intorno le reti conteste da l'industrie Hephaistos si spandono...*

L' inciso: nè muoversi, o levarsi più possono — è stato espunto. Senz' arie dottrinali, mi sia lecito dire ch' il trapasso rapido da un soggetto a l' altro solo non licenzia chicchessia a ritenere il verso interpolato.

XI — *E d'un subito veggono che non havvi via alcuna d' evadere. L' illustre claudicante Artefice s' av-*

*vicina intanto veloce, prim'anco di giungere a Lemnos di ritorno. Helios, su in vedetta, la novella gli reca.*

L'inciso: *corre a la sua diletta magione, il cuore gonfio*, è stato espunto su la fede di Kirchhoff e di altri, perchè la maggior parte de' manoscritti ne è difettiva.

XII — *Si ferma ne l'atrio, il petto gonfio di collera, orrido un grido echeggia, udito dagli Dei tutti.*

XIII — *Voi, Giove padre e Dei immortali, venite a vedere risibili eppur insoffribili cose, come me zoppo Afrodite, figlia di Giove,*

XIV — *sempre avvilisce; ama Ares omicida, perchè bello e di piè fermo, mentr'io ebbi le gambe torte. Di chi la colpa?*

XV — *se non de' miei genitor? Eglino non avrebbero giammai dovuto ingenerarmi così. Mirate come giacciono in amore ne 'l mio letto; io, nel vederli, mi struggo.*

XVI — *Non credo però brucino mica tanto ora, per quanto accesi pria; forse più non vorran giacer così. Mie fraudolente reti li terranno invecchiati,*

XVII — *finchè il di lei padre non m'abbia reso i nuziali doni ch'io gli diedi per la lasciva, impudente donzella, figlia sua pulcherrima, ma non savia.*

Ad espungere le strofe XVI-XVII l'Olivieri non si avvale de l'atetesi, ma le conserva, grazie ad un sincretismo mitico, di cui d'un tratto si avvede.

XVIII — *Sì egli dice e gli Dei convengono a la bronzea magione; viene Poseidaon, scotitor de la*

*terra, viene Hermes, dator di bene, viene Apollo dal lungi saettante arco d' argento.*

XIX — *Le Dee sole rimangono pudibonde a casa. Si soffermano ne l' atrio li Dei, datori di bene, inestinguibile un riso da' lor petti rompe.*

L' inciso: *vedendo la fraude de l' industrie Hephaistos*, è espunto, perchè interpolato ad opera di chi volle connettere il fin qui detto col resto.

I versi seguenti, che non offrono mezzo di scinderli in istrofe ternarie sono del pari espunti:

*Si l' un diceva a l' altro occhieggiando: non sempre riescon le male azioni; il lento talvolta giunge il veloce, come Hephaistos, benchè tardo, ha giunto Ares, il più veloce degli Dei che ne l' Olimpo seggono, non altrimenti, essendo quegli zoppo, che per fraude; egli gli deve quindi la multa.*

*Mentre così l' un l' altro ciangottan, ad Hermes dice il famoso Apollo, figlio di Giove: O Hermes, figlio di Giove, nunzio, di beni dator, ti piacerebbe, in così forti attorcenti catene stretto, godere il letto de l' aurea Afrodite? Gli risponde l' Argifonte, portator di messaggi: oh così fosse, o illustre lungi saettante Apollo! Anco se di triple reti o senza numero e voi, Dei e dee tutte foste a guardarmi, vorrei goder il geniale letto de l' aurea Afrodite. Si egli disse ed un riso ruppe da 'l petto degli immortali.*

Ad A. Olivieri, uom grave e molto intinto di erudizione, non entra che Poseidaon possa aver riso a l' accenno malizioso di Apollo; non entra che gli Dei possano ridere in un primo momento e moralizzar poi.

Io spalanco tanto di bocca da lo stupore dinanzi a la sua esegesi critica, senza, a dir vero, esserne del tutto persuaso.

XX — *Poseidaon tuttavia non ride, ma prega insistentemente Hephaistos, indubre artefice, a sciogliere Ares e queste aligere parole gli volge:*

XXI — *Scioglilo. Affè mia, egli ti risarcirà, come vuoi, il danno quì in cospetto degli dei immortali. Gli risponde l'illustre in ambo i piedi torto:*

XXII — *Non chiedermi, Poseidaon, scotitor de la terra, ciò.... Come 'l potrei legare al cospetto degli immortali, se Ares ne uscisse libero e de la rete e del debito.*

L'inciso: *trista cosa è mallezare i tristi*, è espunto, perchè parentetico e si aggreggia ne 'l novero dei soliti adagi e mottetti (ἄναξ εἰρημένα).

XXIII — *Gli risponde Poseidaon, lo scotitor de la terra: O Hephaistos, se Ares, non solvendo il debito, fugge via, io stesso ti pagherò.*

XXIV — *Di rimando l'illustre in ambo le gambe zoppo: non è gentile, nè conveniente respingere la tua parola. — Sì dicendo, i ceppi con forza frange loro Hephaistos. —*

XXV — *Eglino, a pena liberi de la loro forte rete, springan d'un subito da 'l letto, Ares corre in Tracia, Afrodite, del riso amica, a Cipro.*

L'inciso: *a Pafos, ove a lei un boschetto verdeggia ed un altare funiga*, è stato espunto, perchè meramente dichiarativo.

XXVI — *Laggiù le Cariti la lavano e l'ungono d'olio d'ulivo, stillante ambrosia, per cui gli Dei cre-*

*scono in beltà ed intorno le avvolgono un radioso manto, miro a vedersi.*

Da questi concieri che io mi son fermato un cotai poco a rilevare con dubitoso accento di meraviglia, esce disciolto e scolorito, oh! quanto mutato da quello che gustammo e studiammo integro, il canto epico de li amori di Ares ed Afrodite.

Alcuni, assumendo vesta di critici e filologi, si affannano con fiducia eccessiva ne la loro persuasiva, a dichiararlo cosa a sè stante ed intercalato posteriormente nel poema Omerico.

Via! Non è il caso di chiedere in siffatte esegesi critiche piena consistenza e certezza di verità.

Eppur, siamo giusti, se filar ed annaspere congetture è lecito, rifondere di pianta un intero canto epico e gettarlo in istrofe è un po' arrischiato, mi pare.

Mondovì, il 1° Aprile 1903.

*Gino Capone.*



*The noble rhetor poet of Britain*  
Il nobile oratore e poeta de la Britannia  
*that worthy was the laurer to have*  
ben degno di cingere il serto  
*of poetrye and the palm attain ;*  
di poesia e conseguire la palma ;  
*that made first to distil and rain*  
quel desso che fece pel primo stillare e piovere  
*the gold dew-drops of speech and eloquence,*  
auree gocciolose rugiadosæ d' eloquio  
*into our tongue through his excellence,*  
ne la nostra lingua mercè la virtù del suo stile,  
*and found the flowers first of rhetoric,*  
ed escogitò i primi fiori retorici  
*our rude speech only to enlumine,*  
per alluminare la nostra rozza lingua,  
*out of our tongue tanoyede all rudeness*  
per detergerla d' ogni asprezza  
*and to reform 't with colours of sweetness,*  
ed irradiarla di miti suffusi colori,  
*wherefore let us give him laud and glory,*  
di ciò tributiamogli lode e gloria  
*and put his name with poets in memory.*  
ed aggreggiamo il suo nome nel novero de' poeti.

John Lydgate.



# I

Ἄστυρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζώοισιν ἑώως.  
Νῦν δὲ θανάων λήμπεις ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝ.

The whole field of Chaucer's poetry may be simple described as a soft veined green field, relieved by inlaid quaint paintings of figure-subject, still coloured with the artificial ineffective classical light, but drawn with accuracy enough to enable us to ascertain precisely and know to the full what they must really have been.

I know not anything so exceedingly worth recording, worth never fading from the book of Art, as Chaucer's truly picture of the friar.

There is not a mistaken line on the bodily and moral corrupt features of the man with limbs complete and assuredly a soul in them; there is no unwholesome encumbrance of detail.

The lightsome finess of the chiselling and vivifying finish of portrature, until the whole depth of the soul is sapped away, gives the figure-subject an

animating power and casting of clear human lines which fill us with lasting admiration, delight and wonder.

*A friar there was, wanton and merry, a limiter, a full jolly man; in all the four orders, there is none who chatters so much gossip and fair language. He had made great many a marriage of young women at his own cost; of his order he was a noble pillar. Well beloved and familiar was he to country franklins and eke to town worthy women, for he had powers of confession, as he said himself more than a curate, for he of his order was licensed. Well scarcely he heard confession, and pleasant was his absolution. He was an easy man to give penance, wherever he knew he should get a good pittance, for gifts to a poor order are sign that a man is well shriven; for if one gave, he durst to boast he knew that a man was repentant, for many men are so hard-hearted that they cannot weep, although they sorely smart; therefore, instead of weeping and prayers, men must give silver to the poor friars. His tippet was ever crammed full of knives and pins to give to young wives; and certainly he had a merry voice; well could he sing and play the chrotta (1); as to yeddings, (2) he got utterly the prize. His neck was white as the lily, thereto he was strong as a champion,*

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(1) *Graecus Achilleica, chrotta Britanna canat.*

[Let the Greek with his Achillea, with his crowd the Briton sing]  
*Venantius Fortunatus - Bishop of Poitiers (VI Cent.).*

(2) A gloeman or minstrel's song. [scotch YED, to fib.]

he knew the taverns well in all the town and every hostler and tapster better than a leper or a beggar, for with such a worthy man as he it did not comply to be acquainted with lepers; it is not honest, it is no gain to deal with such poor folk, but only with rich people and victual-sellers and, above all, wherever profit should arise, he was courteous, lowly and serviceable. There was nowhere so virtuous a man. He was the best beggar in his house; for, though a widow had but a shoe, so pleasant was his *IN PRINCIPIO* that he would get a farthing more; his alms-fee was by far greater than his rent and he could romp, as a whelp, about. In arbitration-days he could much help, being not threadbare-coped, like a cloisterer or a poor scholar, but a master and a pope like. Of double worsted (1) was his semicope, round as a bell out of the press, somehow he lisped for wantonness to make his English sweet upon his tongue and in his harping, when he sang, his eyes twinkled (2) in his head aright, as the stars do in the frosty night. This worthy liniter was called Huberd.

We need not wander at hearing this querulous squeaking of our greedy churl.

If not so, what would be the use of being a pig at all, and have the grease wagged as a quagmire?

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(1) So called from the village of Worstead in Norfolk, where Flemish weavers, brought over by Edward III about 1331, made this kind of cloth.

(2) *I see his eyes twinkle yet....*

*Tennyson.*

Such bitter words, levelled by Chaucer against friar Huberd, not in hatred, but in satirical good humour, prove, if not his steadfast will to burn those bristly fat-grown creatures — a full-bladder like — out of his country, at least his being somehow disgusted with them, (whom the fatal gift of wealth had utterly demoralized) and his yearning towards those persecuted Lollards, fighting to heal the Church, sick of pride, wordliness and much else.

The like, with still more emphasis, did another unknown poet, who may be — Mr Skeat almost guesses, — the author of *Plowman's tale* (1), first printed in 1542 in Chaucer's works.

Cheery, red-faced, yet with much of angry bitterness even in his visage, now and then distorting into the attempt at a laugh, Carion, a slave, hovers first in Aristophanes' *Plutus* along the stage and presents his master, Chremylos, in by no means dark hieroglyphs, his own petition of grievance.

Let us but have an echo, however faint of his hoarse wailings, quite akin to our Friar's loose loud rant, and scurrilous eaves-dropping, before setting out on our gloomy marching.

Ὡς ἀργαλέον πρᾶγμα' ἐστίν, ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί,  
Right troublesome it is by Jove and Gods

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(1) He alludes probably to his *Plowman's Creed*, when his Pelican says — *of freres I have told before* — *in a making of a Crede.* —

δοῦλον γενέσθαι παραφρονοῦντος δεσπότου.  
 to be a foolish master's servant.  
 ἦν γὰρ τὰ βέλτισθ' ὁ θεράπων λέξας 'τύχῃ,  
 May the servant suggest the best thing worth doing,  
 δόξῃ δὲ μὴ δρᾶν ταῦτα τῷ κεκτημένῳ,  
 should not his master think to assert it in the fact,  
 μετέχειν ἀνάγκη τὸν θεράποντα τῶν κακῶν.  
 needs must the former be in for a list of mischiefs.  
 τοῦ σώματος γὰρ οὐκ ἐξ τὸν κύριον  
 God by no means allows us to be our own men,  
 κρατεῖν ὁ δαίμων, ἀλλὰ τὸν ἐωνημένον.  
 but the tyrant's who purchased our body.  
 καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ ταῦτα. τῷ δὲ Λοξία,  
 Matters do seem to be getting so. To the oblique God,  
 ὃς θεσπιῶδεϊ τρίποδος ἐκ χρυσηλάτου,  
 who vaticinates from his golden tripod,  
 μέμψιν δικαίαν μέμφομαι αὐτήν, ὅτι  
 such a fair complain I lay, why he, being a  
 ἱατρὸς ὢν καὶ μάντις, ὥς φάσιν, σοφός,  
 knowing physician and a foreteller, as the tale runs,  
 μελαγχολῶντ' ἀπέπεμψέ μου τὸν δεσπότην.  
 may have sent my master back gloomy and raging,  
 ὅστις ἀκολουθεῖ κατόπιν ἀνθρώπου τυφλοῦ,  
 bent to follow a blind man,  
 τούναντίον δρῶν ἢ προσῆκ' αὐτῷ ποιεῖν.  
 [acting contrarily to what becomes him to do,]  
 οἱ γὰρ βλέποντες τοῖς τυφλοῖς ἡγούμεθα.  
 for it is the seeing-people who should lead the blind;

οὗτος δ' ἀκολουθεῖ, κάμ' προσβιάζεται,  
 my master is led by a blind-man instead, and forces  
 καὶ ταῦτ' ἀποκρινόμενος τὸ παράπαν οὐδὲ γρῦ.  
 even me and to me who ask him, answers not even  
 by a grumbling.

ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως σιγήσομαι,  
 I, however, by no means intend keeping myself silent;  
 ἢν μὴ φράσης ὃ τι τῷδ' ἀκολουθοῦμέν ποτε,  
 unless thou render me up the tale why we pursue  
 ὦ δέσποτ', ἀλλὰ σοι παρέξω πράγματα.  
 this fellow, o master, thou shalt have annoyance by me;  
 οὐ γάρ με τυπτήσεις στέφανον ἔχοντά γε.  
 thou canst by no means strike me, for I am graced  
 [with the crown.]

Curious to begin with, such a talking and whooping—a speaking-trumpet like—such gesturing and undisguised meddling and obtruding.

Decidedly such a brazen dog sure we never met; we hear some of his whimper which echoes like the beginning of a bark.

*A merchant was there with a forked beard, in motley arrayed, and high on horse he sat; upon his head a Flemish beaver; his boots clasped fair and featly; his reasons he spoke full jollily, sounding always the increase of his winning. He would the sea were kept at any cost between Middleburgh and Orwell, well could he sell shields in exchange. This worthy man so full well set his wit that no wight knew he was in debt, so stately he was of his governance as to his bargains and borrowing transactions (CHEYSSAUNCE). For truly*

*he was a worthy man withal and, to say the truth, I know not how men call him.*

A man of solid structure, acutely feeling where the shoe pinches, this our merchant, with too roguish an expression of countenance. A man, whose remonstrating and arguing is of a remarkable really meaning to us.

We can through him get a somewhat ocular view of the London merchant's character and affairs.

He reminds us of the Association of Merchant Adventurers which was chiefly erected in the thirteenth century by the Mercers as the Guild of St. Thomas à Becket, with the view of protecting English trade abroad—an Association most serviceable either to producers or traders.

But we will not speak of that now: one word we must still spend on Chaucer's clerk and go hastily on.

*A clerk there was of Oxford also, that unto logic had far gone, his horse was as lean as a rake and he was not right fat I undertake, but hollow and sober-looking; full threadbare was his uppermost courtepy, for he had got himself no benefice yet, nor he was worldly enough to have any office, for him it was liefer to have at his bed's head twenty books, clad in black or red, of Aristotle and his philosophy than rich robes or fiddle or gay psaltery; though a philosopher, he had but little gold in coffer; all that he might seize (HENTE) of his friends, he spent on books and learning and busily prayed for the souls of those who gave him wherewith to get himself schooled. He took the most care and heed of study; he spoke no word more than need-*



*ful and such one was said shapely and reverent, short, quick and full of high sentence. Sounding moral virtue was his speech and gladly would he learn and teach.*

Such is the clerk of Oxford as sketched by Chaucer, and assuredly he forms for us a lively and genial picture, a miniature-image resembling him on the whole, even if defective and disagreeing in some petty bodily peculiarities, as a six pence does a half crown.

Poor, lean, worn out, a very consumptive figure truly, a spirit laden with deep spiritual feeling.

Raised on frugal oat-meal, gone lost to the world yearning after pleasure and wealth, a walking sack of philosophical knowledge (chiefly a digest from Aristotle's books), he has still some claims on our attention, when strikingly paralleled to the fat-grown Chaucerian monk, who letting schoolmasters puzzle their brain with grammar nonsense and learning, instead of conforming to cloister regulations, takes all to hare-hunting.

Though Chaucer's visit to Petrarch is known to us on no evidence whatever, yet a somewhat historical dusky preliminary item of it, to begin with, may be drawn from our Clerk's assurance in the prologue to the Tale of Griselda [to have learnt it from Petrarch at Padua] and from the shocking coincidence of the embassy of Chaucer to Genoa in 1373.

Even if we doggedly wish to believe nothing on the matter, except what rests on a steady historical basis, there is no need at all to blow out of our mind James Russell Lowell's opinion that Chaucer may have somehow reverberated his own person in his

clerk's picture, an intrinsic inference this quite agreed upon.

*A sergeant-at-law, wary and wise who often had been at the church-porch (Parvys), with every excellence refined, was there also. He was discreet and reverend (at least he seemed so); his words were so wise to be often justice in Assize by patent and full commission, out of his science and high renown. Many a fee and a robe had he, so great a purchaser was nowhere anybody; all he hold indeed in fee simple, that his purchases might by no means be infected or somehow clogged. Nowhere was a busy man as he, and yet he seemed busier than he really was. In court terms he had all law-cases and dooms from King William's; thereto he could pen and write down such a writing no wright could pinch and cavil at. Every statute he knew fully by heart. Homely he rode in a medley coat, gilt with a barred silk belt. About his array I tell no longer.*

Let us give due credit to our spirited judicious serjeant-at-law's shrewdness for his getting any entail loose and own that he has quite a right to brag of being plentiful of affairs, with the gravity of a man, whom many years spent in the study of law entitled to counsel with authority.

So Falstaff, whose business in life is far different, craves he could be divided like a bribe-buck: *each a haunch*, and we hardly know which is the more braggart.

*A franklin was in this company, white-bearded and red complexioned; well loved he on the morning to sop in wine; to live delightfully was ever his wont,*

*for he was own son of Epicurus, who held opinion full delight to be perfect happiness. A great householder was he, a St. Julian in his country; his bread and ale were always the best; nowhere was anyone better supplied with wine than he. Never his house was without baked meat—either fish or flesh—all the dainties man ever thought snowed plenteously in his house. He changed them with the seasons of the year. Many a fat partridge he had in the mew and many a bream and a luce he had in the stew. Woe to his cook, if, by chance, his sauce were not poignant and sharp and his gear ready; his table in his house stood always prepared all the day long. At sessions he was lord and sire, often he had been knight of the shire. An anlace and a silk gipsire hung at his waist, white as morning milk. He had been a sheriff and a counter. Nowhere was such a worthy ravasour.*

A noticeably ruddy Epicurean man indeed.

Chaucer gives us, through him, some shadowy glimmerings of the free land-owner's rank in the agricultural economy of middle ages.

Franklins held their tenures, and out of them became enriched, without depending on any other but the king.

No doubt, their importance and value are by no means little and negligible; they were the great stimulators of such improvements in husbandry as the age could practise. The new agriculture would have been greatly retarded without them. As we pass from Chaucer's franklin to Aristophane's Chremylos, though there is now uttered to us a call into the far-rea-

ching fields of the early greek history and the english feudal period of the fourteenth century, in order to detect certain, by no means light, appearances or evidences, either of likeness or of unlikeness, which are to be found in the bodily features, nature and speech of both these interesting specimens — each a type of his class, sharing in and bearing clear testimony to the feeling and spirit of his own age—yet I will in no wise try to enter now into such an inquiry.

This I hint only to arouse my readers' thought in the least to a sense of the breadth of the english mediaeval spirit, either agreeing or disagreeing with the ancient greek spirit—important enough to be worth the pains of some examination.

Chremylos, thinking to still Carion's harsh questionings rudely replies him thus :

μὰ Δι' ἀλλ' ἀφελών γε στέφανον, ἢν λυπῆς τί με,  
By Jove, I shall pluck thy crown off, if thou vexest me,  
ἵνα μᾶλλον ἀλγῆς.

that thou mayest more sorely suffer.

Whereupon Carion tries presently a sleek endearing wile to prevail and with meek and affected grace says :

λῆρος· οὐ γὰρ παύσομαι,

Nonsense. I shall by no means cease,

πρὶν ἂν φράσῃς μοι τίς ποτ' ἐστὶν οὗτοςί·

unless thou say who this fellow is;

εὖνους γὰρ ὦν σοι πυνθάνομαι πᾶν σφόδρα.

the love I bear thee is in fault why I am now at  
[pains of asking thee with such a ready zeal.

Effectual this trick, fairly managed.

In this manner, Chremylos, the reluctant mad bull, is taken by the tail; he cannot resist any longer and yields.

Their coming dialogue, full of a light flowing banter and a touch of grinning malice, TEMPERED WITH A CHEERY MOCKERY OF HUMOUR, would be pleasant, if it might become accidentally audible to us.

Χρέμυλος. — ἀλλ' οὐ σε κρύψω· τῶν ἐμῶν γὰρ οἰκετῶν  
Chremylos. — Come, I shall no longer hide it from  
thee, for of all my slaves

πιστότατον ἡγοῦμαί σε καὶ κλεπτίστατον.

I hold thee the most faithful and thievish.

ἐγὼ θεοσεβῆς καὶ δίκαιος ὢν ἀνὴρ

With me, as I am a pious and righteous man,  
κακῶς ἔπραττον καὶ πένης ἦν.

it fares ill and I am pining in poverty.

Καρίων. — Οἶδά τοι.

Carion. — I know well.

Κρ. — ἕτεροι δ' ἐπλούτουν, ἱερόσυλοι, ῥήτρες

Chr. — The others get rich, church robbers, lawyers,  
καὶ συκοφάνται καὶ πονηροί.  
sycophants and scoundrels.

Κα. — πειθῶμαι.

Ca. — I think so.

Χρ. — ἐπερυσόμενος οὖν ὠχόμην ὡς τὸν θεόν,  
I am just coming back from Phoebus' dome;  
τὸν ἐμὸν μὲν αὐτοῦ τοῦ ταλαιπώρου σχεδὸν  
as my life, my wretched poverty-stricken life,

ἤδη νομίζων ἐκτετοξεῦσθαι βίον,  
 I felt come almost to end,  
 τὸν δ' υἱόν, ὅσπερ ὢν μόνος μοι τυγχάνει,  
 I begged of him to advise me, should my son,  
 my only son by luck,  
 πεισόμενος εἰ χρὴ μεταβαλόντα τοὺς τρόπους  
 forcibly put off his righteous customs  
 εἶναι πανούργον, ἄδικον, ἑγχείς μὴδὲ ἔν,  
 and turn out a rascal, nefarious, do nothing;  
 ὥς τῷ βίῳ τοῦτ' αὐτὸ νομίσας ζυμφέρειν.  
 for life rears from this its best profit.

Καρ. — τί δῆτα Φοῖβος ἔλακεν ἐκ τῶν στεμμάτων;

Car. — What did Phoebus' laurel crowns declare?

Χρ. — πεύσει. σαφῶς γὰρ ὁ θεὸς εἶπέ μοι τοδί·  
 Thou shalt know. Clearly the God spoke to me:  
 ὅτῳ ξυναντήσαιο πρώτον ἐξιῶν,  
 the first I should meet, on going out,  
 ἐκέλευσε τούτου μή μεθίσθαι μ' ἔτι,  
 he bade I ought never since to quit him;  
 πείθειν δ' ἐμαυτῷ ξυνακολουθεῖν οἶκαδε.  
 nay I should get him persuaded to come home.

Καρ. — καὶ τῷ ξυναντῶς δῆτα πρώτῳ;

Car. — And whom didst thou meet first?

Χρ. — τουτῷ.

Chr. — This fellow.

Καρ. — εἰτ' οὐ ξυνίεις τὴν ἐπίνοιαν τοῦ θεοῦ,

Car. — Dost thou not perceive the God's mind,  
 φρίζουσαν ὧ σκαϊότατέ σοι σαφέστατα  
 which expectorates itself into clearness

ἀσκεῖν τὸν υἱὸν τὸν ἐπιχώριον τρόπον ;  
 enough, knave, by bidding thee to bring thy  
 child up in the fashions of the town ?

Χρ. — τῷ τοῦτο κρίνεις ;

Chr. — Whence dost thou argue this ?

Καρ. — δῆλον ὅτι καὶ τυφλῷ

Troth, it is so clear that even a blind man  
 γινῶναι δοκεῖ τοῦθ', ὡς σφόδρ' ἐστὶ ξυμφέρον  
 could see this, namely to DO ONE'S WORST  
 τὸ μηδὲν ἀσκεῖν ἵγχιές ἐν τῷ νῦν χρόνῳ.  
*turns out profitable to-day.*

Χρ. — οὐκ ἔχθ' ὅπως ὁ χρησμὸς εἰς τοῦτο ῥέπει,

The oracle cannot mean this,  
 ἀλλ' εἰς ἕτερόν τι μεῖζον. ἦν δ' ἡμῖν φράση,  
 nay much more important. Should this fellow  
 ὅστις ποτ' ἐστὶν οὐτοσί, καὶ τοῦ χ' ῥιν  
 speak out who he is, and wherefore,  
 καὶ τοῦ δεόμενος ἦλθε μετὰ νῶν ἐνθαδί,  
 and, wanting what, he came with us here,  
 πυθοίμεθ' ἂν τὸν χρησμὸν ἡμῶν ὃ τι νοεῖ.  
 we could even guess what our oracle means.

Read now these our Chaucer's sketches, true images of his own age, on a collateral topic.

*A haberdasher, a carpenter, a webber, a dyer and a tapisser, clad in the livery of a jolly large confraternity were there too. Trim, fresh and new their gear was, their daggers were by no means brass-shaped, but silver-wrought, clean and well, their girdles and pouches too everywhere. Each of them seemed a fair burgess*

*sitting in a guild-hall on the dais, and for his wisdom shapely seemed to be an alderman.*

*For they had cattle and rent enough and their wives were assentient and by no means to blame; for it is well to be called madam and go to vigils beforehand, and royally wear a mantle on.*

Of the mediaeval alliances and covines of artizans with their apprenticeship, chapters, ordinances and oaths, what they were and which part they played in the social warfare of early England, there is alarmingly little that is worth remembering here.

This of self-governing corporations, possessing real and personal property, a law and a judge of their own, this of crafts, congregations or trade unions, enacting their own by-laws, taking oaths and managing their own business, was a natural, almost a universal necessity in the mediaeval state of circumstances, nothing of superfluous, or even by any means mischievous.

At their heart there lay always a chief economical efficiency, affecting the labour-value through so many centuries, till, their time being come, they were first declared felonious by the Parliament in 1361, (the second plague's year) and later on abolished or somehow ordered to vanish.

*They had with them a cook to boil their chickens, marrow-bones, powder—merchant, tart and galingale, well he knew a draught of London ale. He could roast seethe, boil, fry, make mortresses and bake a pie.*

One of Chaucer's liveliest sketches is our cook's portrature. A drunkard scapegrace, yet an affable



kind man whital, requiring to be remembered for his blank-manges [FRICASSE OF CAPON] so finely prepared and ripened.

*A shipman was there, woning in the far-west ; for aught I know, he was of Dartmouth ; he rode a rouncie, as well as he could, in a folding gown as far as the knee. A dagger on a lace through his neck hung along his arm adown. The hot summer had browned all his hue, and certainly he was a good fellow. He had drawn many a draught of wine from Bordeauxward, while the chapman slept. He gave no heed to nice conscience ; if he fought and had the upper hand, he sent his victims home by throwing them overboard into the water. But, as to his craft of reckoning well the tides, streams, dangers, harbours and moon and, as to his lodemanage, there was none, such as he, from Hull to Carthage.*

Shadowed forthly in Chaucer's portrait of the sailor, tempest-tost and adventurous, fighting his way from port to port, navigation evinces itself in those days by no means, loose from its long bondage to the land, venturing far across the trackless ocean. .

Scattered gleams as those breaking such clouds, which lie along the horizon of a tropical climate, may have been gathered by Chaucer in his many occasional voyages, and may have somehow quickened and aided his bold conception of the hazardous seafaring life in the fourteenth century ; there is no doubting.

Yet, those gleams which falling upon ordinary minds would have been ineffectual, fallen on the con-

trary upon his clear and comprehensive genius, flew in gold dew drops of speech (1).

*Hardy he was and wise to undertake ; with many a tempest his beard had been shaken. He knew well all the havens, as they were, from Gothland to the Cape of Finistere and every creek in Britain and Spain. His barge was called the Magdalein.*

*With us there was a Doctor of Physics ; in all this world none like him to speak of physic and surgery, for he was grounded in astronomy. He kept his patient still alive by his natural magic. Well he could foresee when, the stars being in ascendant, it was shapely to draw images for his patients. He knew the cause of every malady, whether hot, cold, moist or dry, where engendred and of what humour ; he was a very perfect practician. Scarcely known the cause and root of the harm, he gave anon to the sick his bote. Well ready had he his apothecaries to send him drugs and electuaries, for each of them made something to gain, their friendship was by no means new. Well he knew the old Esculapius and Dioscorides and eke Rufus, old Hip-*

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(1) SHOWERS OF HOARSE OATHS I should have better said. It is very curious — Bernard H. Baker remarks — that English authors, from Chaucer to Dibdin, Gay's BLACK EYED SUSAN only excepted, invariably describe a sailor as the greatest ruffian unchanged. For further notices see: P. Q. KARKEEK'S CHAUCER'S SHIPMAN (*Essays on Chaucer, XV., published by Chaucer Society*).

*pocras, Hali and Gallien, Serapion, Rasis and Avicen, Averrois, Damascene and Constantyn, Bernard, Gatisden and Gilbertin* (1).

*In his diet he was moderate, for in it was nothing superfluous but greatly nourishing and digestible. He studied little the Bible. In a scarlet and blue array he was clad, lined with taffata and thin silk, and yet he was by no means easy of expense; he laid what he won in the pestilences by, FOR GOLD IN PHYSIC IS A CORDIAL, THEREFORE HE ESPECIALLY LOVED GOLD.*

In these short touches we see Chaucer's Doctor of Physic come out busy and prosperous, very vivid and true in his show of natural magic, still at its full vogue in those times.

Somehow savouring of a miser, he is given up to treasure and save how much he got in GOLD in the pestilence.

*A good wife of the Bath-neighbourhood was there too, somehow deaf—(WHICH WAS A PITY); in cloth making was she so skilled to overcome the clothmakers of Ypres and Ghent. In all the parish there was no wife*

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(1) Among the representatives of the medical learning known to him, Chaucer points to Bernard Gordon, author of the *MEDICINAE LILIUM*, to Gilbert Anglicus and to John of Gaddesden, *the light of his age* (according to Leland), physician, corn and lice-killer to his clerical patients, writer of the *ROSA ANGLICA* and practitioner of Edward III, when still being a young prince.

*who durst to precede her in the church offerings, and if such a one had been, certainly she was so wroth to be out of all charity. The coverchiefs she wore on her head on Sunday were made of a well fine stuff, I durst swear they weighed ten pounds. Her hoses were of a fine scarlet red, full narrow-tied, and her shces well moist and new; bold was her face and fair and red of hue. She had been a worthy woman all her life, husbands at church door she had five, without mentioning several other romping-parties in youth, but thereof it does not need to speak as now. Thrice had she been at Jerusalem; she had past many a strange stream; at Rome she had been and at Bologna, in Galice, at St. James, and at Cologne; she knew much about wandering by the way. Goat-toothed was she, to say the truth, riding easily an ambler, well wimpled; on her head a hat as broad as a buckler or a targe, a foot-mantle about her large hips and on her feet a pair of sharp spears. In fellowship well could she laugh and carp. Love remedies she knew by chance, being so familiar with old love dance.*

A piece of life it is as real to us as any we perceive and know daily from living it.

Alisoun, the wife of Bath, is none of those who loathe the honeycomb; as froward and shrewd a lusty jade as Socrates' Xantippe, as unalterably and pesteringly corrupt and tainted in unchaste desire as Aristophanes' ΓΡΑΥΣ (a lascivious and wooing turtle, though well nigh worn to pieces with age). Such she is and such she remains throughout her life course; she can be no other: so much of the devilish, waspish, sinful, luxurious spirit feeds her heart.

TROTH, THE OIL OF WANTONNESS THAT IS IN HER COULD SET HELL ON FIRE. SHE IS HARD UPON HER FIVE HUSBANDS, PURSUES THEM UNINTERRUPTEDLY WITH HER SOUL OF JEALOUSY, IS MOVED TO WOO LAST A CHEERFUL OXFORD CLERK OF TWENTY FOR HER FIFTH HUSBAND, ON SEEING WHAT SLEEK SMOOTH PAIR OF LEGS HE HAD, AS HE ATTENDED MOURNINGLY HER FOURTH HUSBAND'S UNTIMELY COFFIN. ONCE HE CUFFED HER BY THE EAR, GETTING HER THUS TO BECOME DEAF. SOME OTHER TIME, SHE, UNMANNERED WIXEN, STRUCK HIM UPON THE CHEEK AND HURLED HIM TO ROLL DOWN BACKWARD IN THE FIRE. HE ROSE SUDDENLY UP — A BOLD RUGGED LION LIKE — AND SMASHED STRAIGHT HER HEAD. SHE LAY A LIFELESS CORSE-LIKE, *he started*, HIS CHEEKS BLANCHED WITH FEAR, WILLING TO RUN AWAY. SHE WOKE SUDDENLY FROM HER MOMENTARY FIT, AND HUMBLY BEGGED TO KISS HER SLAUGHTERER BEFORE DYING. WHEN HE STOOPED, SHE BIT HIM, A FOUL TOAD-LIKE.

Fine in faith. The touch of sharpness and hardness has been carried far enough here.

So far of the wife of Bath, by whom Chaucer happened to feel his imagination caught.

A vulgar buxom termagant of a wife as sincerely painted as Aristophane's aforesaid rotten ΓΡΑΥΣ.

Chaucer and Aristophanes show no outward reference whaterer each other; but look farther into them, and you will see such and such wonderful alike allegiance to truth, such an equal worthy preciousness in their portratures that you might now lean on them with full trust in the survey of ancient life, without any fear of blundering in your in-

ferences. Should both the women come in our way, we might see them such as Aristophanes and Chaucer, faithful reflectors, show us, and we might therefore be led to feel the mediaeval and ancient world be as real and consistent and fathomable as the world we live amidst.

It is in fact by no means a dream of ours but the precisely fixable feeling the reality would awake in us, if we might verily see Aristophanes ΓΡΑΥΣ turn round towards her blooming youth [THE APPETITE OF HER EYE WOULD SCORCH US UP NOW AS IT DID SEVERAL CENTURIES AGO] or if we might overhear her say unto Chremylos thus:

πέπονθα δεινὰ καὶ παρίνομ', ὦ φίλτατε ·

I did suffer a dreary, iniquitous distressful stroke, sir;

.... ἄκουέ νυν · ἦν μοί τί μερίκιον φίλον,

hark! I rejoiced once in an engaging lovely chit,

πενυχρὸν μὲν, ἄλλως δ'εὐπρόσωπον καὶ καλὸν

poor as a church mouse, yet with a face exquisitely

καὶ χρηστόν · εἰ γάρ του δεηθείην ἐγώ,

moulded, handsome and mannerly: every thing I would

ἅπαντ' ἐποίει κοσμίως μοι καὶ καλῶς ·

fain have, he did me daintily and gracefully;

ἐγὼ δ'ἐκείνω πάντα ταῦθ' ὑπηρέτουν —

therefore willingly I did pleasure him.

So far the complaining hussey; but if any one would pry further into the flesh of an old woman full of lecheries, he may follow the scornful dialogue, whisking and winding itself into fulfilment.

So it goes on, suffused with many a flush of saucy wit, humour, and lambent sprightliness.

Χρ. — τί δ' ἦν ὃ τι σου μάλιστα' ἐδείθ' ἐκάστοτε;

CHR. — What did he chiefly crave thee?

Γρ. — οὐ πολλά· καὶ γὰρ ἐκνομίως μ' ἠσχύετο.

CRONE. — Not much, for deeply he revered me;

'ἀλλ' ἀργυρίου δραχμάς ἄν ἦτοσ' εἰκοσιν

he would perhaps ask of me twenty silver

εἰς ἱμάτιον, ὅτιώ δ' ἄν εἰς ἱποδήματα·

drachmas for a cloak; eight for his socks,

καὶ ταῖς ἀδελφαῖς ἀγοράσαι χιτῶνιον

or to his sisters he would get a boddice bought,

ἐκέλευσεν ἄν, τῇ μητρὶ θ' ἱματιδιον·

or to his mother a mantlet; he might perhaps

πυρῶν τ' ἄν ἐδεήθη μεδίμνων τεττάρων.

happen to be in need of four bushels of corn.

..... καὶ ταῦτα τοίνυν οὐχ ἔνεκεν μισητίας

..... And all this, not by way of an excess of eagerness,

αἰτεῖν μ' ἔφασκεν, ἀλλὰ φιλίας οὐνεκα,

he would swear out, he called for, but just

ἵνα τοῦμόν ἱμάτιον φορῶν μεμνητό μου.

by way of love, for, by wearing my cloak, he

[might rekindle all fading record of me,

..... 'ἀλλ' οὐχὶ νῦν ὃ βδελυρὸς ἔτι τὸν νοῦν ἔχει

..... but the profligate, alas! no longer sticks to it;

τὸν αὐτόν, ἀλλὰ πολὺ μεθέστηκεν πάνν.

A CHANGE CAME OVER THE SPIRIT OF HIS DREAM.

ἐμοῦ γὰρ αὐτῷ τὸν πλακοῦντα τουτονὶ

Such a pastry of mine,

καὶ τᾶλλα τὰπὶ τοῦ πίνακος τραγήματα

and comfits lying on this tray

ἐπόντα πεμψάσης ὑπειπούσης θ' ὅτι

I did send him, adding I should come myself

εἰς ἐσπέραν ἥζοιμι.

in the evening.

..... ἄμνητα προσαπέπεμψεν τουτονί,

..... Well! he sent all back to me with this pie,

ἐφῶτ' ἐκείσε μηδέποτε μ' ἐλθεῖν ἔτι,

provided I should no longer go to him again,

καὶ πρὸς ἐπὶ τούτοις εἶπεν ἀποπέμπων ὅτι

adding into the bargain: THE TIME HATH BEEN,

πάλαι ποτ' ἦσαν ἄλκιμοι Μιλήσιοι.

WHEN THE MILESIA NS WERE STRONG.

Χρ. — δῆλον ὅτι τοὺς τρόπους τις οὐ μοχθηρὸς ἦν.

Clearly, our fellow is no DULLISSIMO-MACCARONI.

ἔπειτα πλουτιῶν οὐκέθ' ἥδεται φακῇ.

Grown rich, he does no longer like the lentil...

Γρ. — καὶ μὴν πρὸ τοῦ γ' ὁσημέραι νῆ τῶ θεῶ

Still, by the two Goddesses, every day

ἐπὶ τὴν θύραν ἐβάδιζεν ἀεὶ τὴν ἐμὴν.

to my door he came.

Χρ. — ἐπ' ἐκφοράν.

Clearly..... to sepulchre thee.

Γρ. — μὰ Δί', ἀλλὰ τῆς φωνῆς μόνον — ἐρῶν ἀκοῦσαι.

Pah! thirsting to drink the spirit of my voice.

..... καὶ νῆ Δί', εἰ λυπουμένην αἰσθοιτό με,

..... And by Jove, scarcely he saw me cast in dejection,



νητάριον ἂν καὶ φάττιον ἱπεκορίζετο.

he chuckled me his little pretty doe and turtle.

..... μυστηρίοις δὲ τοῖς μεγάλοις ὀχουμένην

..... If, when driving to the great mysteries

ἐπὶ τῆς ἀμάξης οἷ προσέβλεψέν μέ τις,

in coach, somebody durst to ogle me,

ἐτυπτόμην διὰ τοῦθ' ὅλην τὴν ἡμέραν.

he would beat me grievously all day; such a mad

οὔτω σφόδρα ζηλότυπος ὁ νεανίσκος ἦν.

devil of jealousy my lovee had within himself!

Χρ. — μόνος γὰρ ἦδεθ', ὥς ἔοικεν, ἐσθίων.

Sure, eating going forward, he would be alone.

Γρ. — καὶ τάς γε χεῖρας παγκάλας ἔχειν μ' ἔφη.

He cajoled me about my hands being very pretty.

Χρ. — ὁπότε προτείνοιέν γε δραχμάς εἰκοσιν.

O ho! When they handed him twenty drachmas.

Γρ. — ὄζειν τε τῆς χροᾶς ἔφασκεν ἡδύ μου.

He cajoled me about my skin being nidorous.

Χρ. — εἰ Θάσιον ἐνέχεις, εἰκότως γε νῆ Δία.

O ho! When thou pouredst Thasian wine forth...

Γρ. — τὸ βλέμμα θ' ὥς ἔχοιμι μαλακὸν καὶ καλόν.

He charmed me by saying my glance mild

..... ἀναγκάσαι δίκαιόν ἐστι νῆ Δία [and bright.

He, whom I did benefit thus, by Jove,

τὸν εὖ παθόνθ' ὑπ' ἐμοῦ πάλιν μ' ἀντευποιεῖν.

ought to profess me requital.

Χρ. — ... οὔκουν καθ' ἐνάστιν ἀπεδίδου τὴν νύκτα σοι;

... Did he not perchance requite thee in all ac-  
coutrement and ceremony of love every night?

Γρ. — ἀλλ' οὐδέποτε με ζῶσαν ἀπολείψειν ἔφη.  
Yet he took a great oath never to quit me for life.

Χρ. — ὁρθῶς γε· νῦν δέ σ' οὐκέτι ζῆν οἶεται.  
Just so; he thinks thee no longer alive.

Γρ. — ὑπὸ τοῦ γὰρ ἄλγους κατατέτηκ', ὦ φίλτατε.  
For I got liquefied by grief, sir.

Χρ. — οὐκ, ἀλλὰ κατασέσηπας, ὥς γ' ἐμοὶ δοκεῖς.  
Thou hast got putrefied, methinks.

Γρ. — διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν οὖν ἔμεγ' ἂν διελεύσαις.  
Through a ring thou couldst get me to pass.

Χρ. — εἰ τυγχάνοι γ' ὁ δακτύλιος ὣν τηλία.  
If such a ring were a sieve.

Γρ. — καὶ μὴν τὸ μερίκιον τοδὶ προσέρχεται,  
O! there my charmer goes; he most shockingly  
.... ἔοικε δ' ἐπὶ κῶμον βαδίζειν.

looks like one going to revelling.

Her lovee moves forward indeed; uncerimoniously,  
yet what help? He (A HOWLING SCAPE-GRACE OF A  
LAZY PERT SARCASTIC MOOD, ALMOST DISGUISED IN LIQUOR)  
draws on mere to peck our foolish old harridan who  
chafes and fumes ever worse. Hark!

NEANIAΣ. — ἀρχαία φίλη,

YOUTH — old lovee of mine,

πολιὰ γεγένησαι ταχύ γε νῆ τὸν οὐρανόν.

how suddenly has the ruby of thy cleeks blanched!

.... ὦ Ποντοπόσειδον καὶ θεοὶ πρεσβυτικοί,

Ye, Poseidon sea-god, and ye, Gods of old age,

ἐν τῷ προσώπῳ τῶν ῥυτίδων ὅσας ἔχει. [visage!

how many foul wrinkles this crone hath in her

ΓΡ. — εἰ, εἰ, — τὴν δὲ δα μὴ μοι πρόσφερ'.

CRONE — Oh! oh! approach me not thy taper.

Χρ. — εὖ μέντοι λέγει.

Chr. — She is right indeed,

ἐὰν γὰρ αὐτὴν εἰς μόνος σπινθὴρ λάβῃ,

for, if a single spark touched her,

ὥσπερ παλαιὰν εἰρεσιώνην καύσεται.

she would take fire as an old dried votive wreath.

NE. — βούλει διὰ χρόνου πρὸς με παῖσαι;

YOUTH. — Art thou willing to play a game with me?

ΓΡ. — παῖ, τάλαν; — NE. — πόσους ἔχεις ὀδόντας;

CRONE. — Where, lewdster? — YOUTH. How many

XP. — ἀλλὰ γινώσσομαι [teeth hast thou?

Chr. — You make me almost ready to bet:

κάγωγ' ἔχει γὰρ τρεῖς ἴσως ἢ τέτταρας.

She hath either three or four.

NE. — ἀπότισον· ἓνα γὰρ γόμφιον μόνον φορεῖ.

YOUTH. — Pay — She hath only one cheek-tooth.

ΓΡ. — ταλάντατ' ἀνδρῶν, οὐχ ὑγιαίνειν μοι δοκεῖς,

CRONE — O, most wicked of all men, I think thou

πλυνὸν με ποιῶν ἐν τισούτοις ἀνδράσιν.

hast sure gone mad, since thou darest to make

[me a washing tub in these men's eye.

Νεαν. — ὄναιο μεντᾶν, εἴ τις ἐκπλύνει σε.

[I am half afraid thou wilt have need of a washing, so throwing thee into the water will do thee a benefit.] \* [SHAKESPEARE'S M. W. of W. III-2].

Χρ. — οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ νῦν μὲν καπηλικῶς ἔχει·

Chr. — In faith, she is all farded;

εἰ δ' ἐκπλυνεῖται τοῦτο τὸ ψιμύθιον,  
if her rouge were washed out, thou wouldst  
ὄψει κατάδηλα τοῦ προσώπου τὰ ράκη.  
certainly perceive the gashes of her visage....

NE. — πειρᾷ μὲν οὖν ἴσως σε καὶ τῶν τί:θίων  
Youth — He gives thee the leer of invitation and  
ἐφάπτεται σου λανθάνειν δοκῶν ἐμέ.  
provocation, by touching thy teats on the sly,  
[unperceived by me, he thinks!  
....ἐγὼ περὶ ταύτης οὐ μαχρῶμαι σοι.

Yet I am far from wrangling with thee for her.  
....ὣν δ' ἄπιθι χαίρων συλλαβὼν τὴν μείρακα.  
Go to, away; full of joy and mirth, take this pretty  
....οὐκ ἂν διαλεχθεῖν διεσπεκλωμένη [virginity.  
Hang me! I would be loth to lie any longer  
ὑπὸ μυρίων ἐτῶν τε καὶ τρισχιλίων.  
with such a doe smirched by thirteen thousand  
[hot-backed male deer.

XP. — ὅμως δ' ἐπειδὴ καὶ τὸν οἶνον ἤξιους

Chr. — And yet, since thou drankst her wine,  
πίνειν, ξυνεκποτέ' ἐστί σοι καὶ τὴν τρύγα.  
thou shouldst needs gulp down its lees too.

NE. — ἀλλ' ἐστὶ κομιδὴ τρυῆ παλαιὰ καὶ σαπρά.  
Old and putrescent lees indeed!

Xp. — οὐκοῦν τρύγοιπος ταῦτα πάντ' ἰάσεται.  
Well! A sieve will strain everything.

Νεαν. — ἀλλ' εἰσιθ' εἴσω · τῷ θεῷ γὰρ βούλομαι  
Come; go in there. I am willing to hang God's

ἐλθὼν ἀναθεῖναι τοὺς στεφάνους τούσδ' οὗς ἔχω.

hane with the wreath I am wearing on.

ΓΡ. — ἐγὼ δὲ γ' αὐτῷ καὶ φράσαι τι βούλομαι.

I have to speak him too.

ΝΕ. — ἐγὼ δὲ γ' οὐκ εἴσειμι.

I shall then go not in there.

ΧΡ. — θάρρει, μὴ φοβοῦ. — οὐ γὰρ βιάσεται.

Cheer up, fear not; she will do no mischief.

ΝΕ. — πάννυ καλῶς τοῖνυν λέγεις.

Thou speakest the truth.

ἱκανὸν γὰρ αὐτὴν πρότερον ὑπεπίττον χρόνον.

I tarred her long ago.

Γρ. — βᾶδιζ' · ἐγὼ δὲ σοι κατόπιν εἰσέρχομαι.

Go forward. I come behind.

Χρ. — ὡς εὐτόνως, ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὸ γράδιον

How fiercely, o Jove, sire of gods and men,

ὥσπερ λεπὰς τῷ μειρακίῳ προσίσχεται.

this crone, as an oyster, gets hold of the youth.

A simple - hearted rugged veracious man instead  
Chaucer's poor town parson, preaching God's gospel  
truly, with even a new light of Wyclif's doctrine.

A clear delineation of the great reformer himself  
may perhaps be pleasurably discerned in the picture  
Chaucer has fashioned us of the poor simple priest.

*A good religious man was there—a poor parson  
of a town—rich of holy thought and work; he was  
also a learned man, a clerk that Christ's Gospel truly  
would preach, and his parishioners devoutly teach. Be-  
nignant he was and wonderfully diligent, in adversity*

well patient, and such he proved to be often. Well loth he was to curse for his tithes, he would instead rather give, out of doubt, to his poor parishioners some of his offerings and substance. Little was him enough. His parish was wide and its houses far asunder, but he by no means left, either for rain, or for thunder, in sickness or in mischief, the farthest of his parishioners unvisited, whether great or little, by him on foot and in his hand a staff. Such a noble example he gave to his sheep; first he worked, and afterwards he taught. Out of the gospel he caught the words and added eke thereto this figure: IF GOLD RUSTS, WHAT SHALL IRON DO? If a priest, on whom we trust, be foul, no wonder is that a lewed man rust and a shame it is.... to see a dirty shepherd and a clean sheep. Well ought a priest to give example by his cleanliness how his sheep should live. He did not hire his benefice and leave his sheep encumbered in the mire and run to London unto St. Paul to seek for himself a chauntery for souls or to be with some brotherhood idling away from his post and duty [WITHHOLDE]; but dwelt at home and kept well his fold, that the wolf might not miscarry them. He was a shepherd and not a mercenary and, though holy and virtuous, he was by no means despitous to a sinful man, nor in his speech imperious and haughty [DAUNGEROUS NE DIGNE], but in his teaching descreet and benign. TO DRAW THE FOLK TO HEAVEN BY FAIRNESS, BY GOOD EXAMPLE, such was his business. But if any person were obstinate, whoever might be, whether of high or low estate, he would sharply rebuke him at once [SNYBBEN FOR THE NONYS]. A better priest, I think, no-

where is to be found. He waited after no pomp or reverence, nor made himself a conscience seasoned with scruples [SPICED]; but he taught Christ's lore and his Apostles twelve by first following it himself.

With him there was a Plowman, his brother, who had drawn many a cart-load of dung [THAT HADDE Y-LAD OF DONG FUL MANY A FOTHER]—a true and good labourer [SWYNKERE]—living in peace and perfect charity. He ever loved God best with all his heart, whether he cheered or smarted [THOUGH HIM GAMED OR SMERTE] and afterwards his neighbour right as himself. He would thresh and thereto ditch and dig [DYKE AND DELVE] for Christ's sake in behalf of every poor wight with no wages [WITHOUTEN HIRE] if it lay in his might. He fairly paid his tithes both with his own toil [SWYNK] and cattle. In a tabard he rode upon a mare.

A noble truth-loving, zealous, modestly valiant man, unconsciously rising in Chaucer's eye to a heroic figure, striving to do good, to clear out the old mendacities and illuminate the dark ways of God to man.

There was a Reeve and a Miller, a Summoner and a Pardoner also, a Manciple and myself; not any more.

The Miller was a stout puffy churl for the nonce, big-brawned and raw-boned; wherever he came, at wrestlings he got always the ram — [WHICH STANDS A PROOF OF WHAT HE COULD] — Broad, short-shouldered, thick-knarled, there was no door he did not heave off its hinges or break by running at with his head. His beard as red as a sow or a fox, large as a spade, on his nose's right top a wart and thereon a tuft, as red as the bristles in a sow's ears; his nostrils black and wide.

*He bore by his side a sword and a buckler ; his mouth as large as a yawning furnace, he was a jangler and a galliard, deep in sin and harlotry ; well skilful he was in stealing corn and tolling thrice and had a gold thumb too, by God.*

*He wore a white coat and a blue hood on, blew a bag-pipe, and therewithal he led us out of town.*

In a temper as merciless as the grinding stones of his mill—[ALL OUTWARDLY PICTURESQUE IN OUR VIEW OF EARLY ENGLAND]—our honest miller, (*the born servant of the lord's manor*) goes forth in pursuit of his planned theft of corn and flour ; he is by no means better than his other fellow-millers, very irrespective of the poor people, obliged to get their own corn ground from between the stones of their mills.

A dramatic sketch of life this, worth to be remembered.

*A genteel manciple of an inn court was there, from whom buyers might take example how to be clever in buying victuals, for, whether he paid or took on tally, he waited on his purchasing [ACHAAT] so skilfully to be always forward and in good estate. Now is not this a God's full fair grace that such lewed man's wit should outdo [FACE] the wisdom of a heap of learned men. He had more than thirty masters expert and curious of law, (among whom there were in that house a dozen worthy to be the stewards of any English lord, as they were able to make him live honourably and debtless on his income.... and to help all shire in any case might befall). Yet, this manciple set at all them his cap [SET HIR ALLER CAPPE].*



An adroit cunning fellow, our Manciple, outwitting in quirks, chicaning and sleight of hand any of those legal gentlemen and juridical wigs; whom we weigh well enough by knowing what a buckram set of pettifogging scoundrels they were.

*The Reeve was a slender choleric man, his beard shaved, as nigh as one can, his hair shorn round by the ears, his top docked beforehand, like a priest; his legs were long and lean, like a staff; there was no calf to be seen. Well he could keep a garner and a bin; there was no auditor who could overcome him. He foresaw, whether by drought or rain, the yielding of his seed and grain. His lord's sheep, neat-cattle, dairy, swine, store and poultry were wholly under his governing and, according to the covenant, he gave his reckoning, since his lord was twenty years old; no man could evince arrearages against him. There was neither a bailiff nor a herdsman, nor any other hind who might know his sleight or his trickery [COVYNE]. They were adread of him as of death. His woning was full fair upon a heath, overshadowed with green trees. He could purchase better than his lord. He was privily fully and richly stored; well he knew how to please his lord subtilly by giving and lending him his own goods, and how to get a thank, a coat and a hood too. He had learnt a good handicraft [MYSTER] and was thereby a well skilful carpenter. He rode a full good cob [STOT], all dapple-gray—[POMELY GREY],—a long bluish-grey [OF PERS] overcoat he wore and by his side a rusty blade. He was of Norfolk, near a town, Baldeswell by name. Tucked about as a friar, he rode the hinderest in the route.*

Readers may wish to know who or what our Oswald the Reeve is.

He is a lord's steward [GEREFA akin to german GRAF] serious and practical with a marked social and bodily physiognomy.

*A summoner was there too. — A sauseflemmed, narrow-eyed, fire-red-cherubin-face he had ; hot and lecherous as a sparrow with black scalled brows and a bald [PILED] beard. The children were afraid of his visage. No quick silver, litarge, brim-stone, borace, ceruce, oil of Tartar, no cleaning and biting ointment could by any means help the welks and knobs, standing on his cheeks, off. Well he liked garlic, onions and leeks too and strong wine to drink, red as blood. When drunk, he spoke, and cried as he were quite mad [WOOD]. He spoke no word but Latin — a few terms, two or three, he had learnt out of some decree. No wonder : he heard them every day and eke a jay can cry WATTE as well as the pope. But if one probed [grope] him in other things, he spent all his philosophy. Aye QUAESTION, QUID JURIS ? would he cry. He was a genteel and kind harlot : a better fellow men would never find. He would allow for a quart of wine any good fellow to have his concubine twelve months and excuse him fully ; privily he knew also how to pluck [PULLE] a finch. If he found anywhere a good fellow, he would teach him to feel no awe, of the Archdeacon's curse, unless a man's soul were in his purse... PURSE IS THE ARCHDEACON'S HELL. But he lied right indeed. Each guilty man ought to dread curses which slay just as absolution saves. He was aware too of a SIGNIFICAVIT [A WRIT OF EXCOMMUNICATION].*

*Under his control [DAUNGER] he had at his own fashion [GISE] the young girls of the diocese, and knew their secrets [CONSEIL] and advised them. A garland had he on his head large enough for an ale-stake. He had made for himself out of a cake a buckler.*

No words can render the intensity of the plague of the heart we feel in the sight of such a vile mongrel cur, full of white excrescences, pustules and scabby brows; gyrating about, as an uncerimonious husher, to that old diabolic mastiff of a Pardoner, whose horrid, ominous horse laughter is by no means forgettable to us.

Bent to feed on carrion and run in slime, there is no man showing a fouler bodily shape than he.

Even through Thersites' crookedness or Richard duke of Gloster's sour ugliness [RUDELY STAMPED, CHEATED OF FIGURE, DEFORMED, UNFINISHED — as Shakespeare describes him] break here and there some dull red flashes of grace and wit, which, mingling with the primary apathy of their brain, give them some point of freshness and agreeableness.

None, indeed, is as low-sunk, foul and mortiferous as our lecherous man.

Thersites is just as ideal in his place as Chaucer's Summoner and Pardoner vulgar and villain, just as laughable [HE COULD NOT BE SHOWN LAUGHABLE, IF HE WERE NOT SHOWN UGLY] (1) as Shakespeare's Gloster hideous and terrible.

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(1) So wenig aber Thersites durch die blosse Häss-

Such a striking difference is perhaps best shown by referring here Homer's diamond cut lines translated.

Θερσίτης δ' ἔτι μῶνος ἀμετροπῆς ἐκολῶα,  
Thersites alone loquaciously croaked ;  
ὅς ῥ' ἔπεα φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἄκοσμά τε πολλά τε ἤδη,  
many a bold rebuke from his inmost mind spoke,  
μὰψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον, ἐρίζεσθαι βασιλεῦσιν,  
foolishly, without any decency, wrangled with mo-  
ἀλλ' ὅ τι οἱ εἴσαιτο γελοῖον Ἀργείοισιν [narchs ;  
all he thought to be laughable to the Argives.  
ἔμμεναι. αἰσχίστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθεν .

\* Never a more contemptible man from Troy came;  
πολὸς ἦν, χωλὸς δ' ἕτερον πόδα . τὼ δέ οἱ ὦμοι  
crooked he was, crippled in one foot. Both his shoulders  
κυρτῶ, ἐπὶ στήθος συνοχωκότε . αὐτὰρ ὕπερβεν  
gibbous as far as the breast joined; he reared upwards  
φοξὸς ἦν κεφαλὴν, ψεδνὴ δ' ἐπενήνοθε λάχνη.  
his sharp - pointed, thin - haired head.  
ἔχθιστος δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ μάλιστ' ἦν ἠδ' Ὀδυσῆϊ .  
A foe to Achilles chiefly and to Ulysses too,  
τὼ γὰρ νεικείεσκε . τότε αὐτ' Ἀγαμέμνονι δίψ  
them both he upbraided ; many to godly Agamemnon

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lichkeit lächerlich wird, ebenso wenig würde er es ohne dieselbe sein.

[Yet in nowise Thersites is by mere ugliness laughable; still less without it.]

Lessing — Laokoon, 146.

ὄξέα κεκληγῶς λέγ' ὀνειδέα τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ

sharp upbraidings darted, him the Greeks

ἐκπάγλως κοτέοντο νεμέσσηθέν τ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.

within their breasts, with a violent anger swoln,  
with censure scourged.

*With him there was a genteel Pardoner of Roncesvalles, his friend and compeer, that straight was come from the court of Rome. Loudly he sang: COME HITHER, LOVE, TO ME! This summoner bore him a stiff burdoun. Never a trump was half so loud-sounding. This Pardoner had a hair as yellow as wax, but hanging smooth as a hank of flax [A STRIKE OF FLEX] and overspreading his shoulders. Thin his hair lay in locks, one by one, but hood for jollity he wore none; for it was trussed up in his wallet. He chose to ride dishevelled [DISCHEVELEE], all bare, save his cap, according to the new fashion [JET]. He had such glaring eyes as a hare. A vernicle had he sewed upon his cap; his wallet lay before him in his lap brim-ful of pardons come from Rome all hot. A voice he uttered as a goat's. No beard had he [NOR EVER HE SHALL], being as smooth as though he had been lately shaved. I wonder whether he were an eunuch [A GELDYNG OR A MARE], but, from Berwick to Ware, there was no other pardoner as crafty as he; in his mail he had a pillow case which he pretended to be our lady's veil; he said to have a bit [GOBET] of the sail that St. Peter had, when he went upon the sea.... a latten cross full of stones and in a glass a pig's bones. Through these relics, he got from any parson, dwelling upon land, in one day more money than that the former got in two months, and thus*

*with feigned flattery and cheats he made the people and parson his apes. But, to tell the truth at last, he was in church a noble ecclesiast; well could he read a lesson or a story, best of all he sang an offertory, for well he knew he must preach afterwards, and well affile his tongue, to win silver as much he could; therefore he sang merrily and loud.*

Such is our Pardoner of Roncisvalles — an eager acidulous-faced and malign rat-eyed officiating ecclesiastic, whom the summoner attends as a ministering satellite. — Here he is, so to speak, in pontificals, higgling with no rich sinner about turning the key, which opens Heaven's gate. Pixes, orisons, all the would-be symbols of Catholicism become in his hands, by doemonic machinery and black art, gambling dice to cheat or scissors to shear the credulous bleating flock.

So thoroughly rich and fine a motley crowd are the Canterbury pilgrims, drawn by Chaucer with a due and sober touch, in all sincerity and faith to the soul of man!

Whereupon we are led to conclude that no where else in the world, but at the Panathenaic festival (1),

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(1) *I am referring here to the hundred of figures in relief in the frieze of the Parthenon, representing the Panathenaic procession — a lofty work of the Pheidias art. —*

The reader could not do better but consult: MRS. MITCHEL'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE. NEW-YORK. DODD, MEAD AND CO.

there met in full procession as many matchless groups of horsemen, whose varying life and toned down movements show all the graceful serenity characterising the works of Greek art — serenity which, even through the burdensome wise of our translation, can hardly fail to make itself felt in Aristophanes' ΓΡΑΥΣ (1) and Homer's ΘΕΡΣΙΤΗΣ. —

Likewise, as we read Chaucer, we breathe the very atmosphere of the english life, in the dawning light of that rigid, yet fruitful, fourteenth century, ITS FLESH AND BLOOD WITHIN, ITS SIGHT WITHOUT, the quiet peace and bliss, the fresh green, clustered pearl and ruby orizon around; we see the tossing land-waves alive with spring, we hob-nob and promenade and hold friendly converse with the most living, characteristic figures of the age, moping about on a pleasure journey, [FOR THEIRS IS A PLEASURE JOURNEY; THERE IS NO GAIN-SAYING THAT].

In a work still to come, we shall follow their footsteps at any turn of the road and hear the magic of their lightly sagacious, lovingly humorous, daintily sentimental tales.

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(1) ARISTOPH. COMOEDIAE recensuit. notasq. criticas adjecit C. H. Weise. Teuchnitz. 1860.

ARISTOPH. PLUTUS recens. expl. B. Thiersh. Lipsiae, Hartmann. 1820.

RITTER. *Dissertatio de Aristoph. Pluto*. Bonnae, 1828.

ARISTOPH. COMOEDIAE, ed. Theodorus Bergk. Lipsiae, Teubner, 1867.

ARISTOPH. COMOEDIAE, ed. August. Meineke. Lipsiae, 1860.

ARISTOPH. COMOEDIAE novem graece, ed. Aldus Manutius. Venetiis MCDXCVIII.

## II

*...words may suffer phonetic change so as to take different forms, still being the one and same...*

πικίλλειν δ' ἔξεστι ταῖς συλλαβαῖς, ὥστε δοῖται ἂν τῷ ἰδιωτικῶς ἔχοντι ἕτερα εἶναι ἀλλήλων ταῦτά ὄντα.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝ. ΚΡ. XIII.

Plato's may be held the earliest and boldest attempt at an ingenious analysis in the etymological chemistry of words (1).

He starts with Kratilos' remark that a peculiar right name is inborn in each object, being it by no means mere what we may agree to confer on it, by emitting our breath, but being likewise congenital, either for Greeks or Barbarians (2).

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(1) ΚΡΑΤΥΛΟΣ — Kratilus, vel de recta nominum ratione. — Platonis opera a Marsilio Ficino, Florentino, translata — Venetiis a Philippo Pincio Mantuano hoc opus impressum fuit, Anno D.ni MCCCCCXVII - Die XII Aprilis. —

ΠΛΑΤΩΝ — Platonis Opera ex recensione R. B. Hirschigii - Graece et Latine — Parisiis. Editore Firmin-Didot MDCCCLVIII. —

(2) ...ὀνόματος ὀρθότητα εἶναι ἐκάστῳ τῶν ὄντων φύσει πεφυκυῖαν, καὶ οὐ τοῦτ' εἶναι ὄνομα, ὃ ἂν τινες ξυνθέμενοι καλεῖν καλῶσι, τῆς αὐτῶν φωνῆς μῶριον ἐπιφθεγγόμενοι, ἀλλ' ὀρθότητά τινα τῶν ὀνομάτων πεφυκέναι καὶ Ἕλλησι καὶ βαρβάροις τὴν αὐτὴν ἄ-  
πασιν.

ΚΡΑΤΥΛΟΣ — I.



*Hermogenes objects he can by no means get persuaded that right naming may otherwise be than either by convention or agreement; he thinks any name conferred right, and, if it comes to be felt that another name is the more meet, we turn over new names to objects, as we do to our slaves; nothing has its name adherent by nature, but, merely by either use or law, names are yielded to things (1).*

Socrates declares the whole truth of the real language falling short of the ideal, perfect and correct language, which rests upon the true nature of objects, yet somehow participating in its perfection, founded upon Plato's ingenious system of types and ideas, to be substantiated by many confident guesses.

There is a great working with stills, retorts, and crucibles of all kind in Plato's attempt to bring such a view of his to proof.

Yet the proof, resting upon nothing so substantial as vague hypotheses, ends rather in smoke.

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(1) ...οὐ δύναμαι πεισθῆναι, ὥς ἄλλη τις (ἐστίν) ὀρθότης ὀνόματος ἢ ξυνθήκη καὶ ὁμολογία. ἐμοὶ γὰρ δοκεῖ, ὅ τι ἂν τις τῶ θῆτα ὄνομα, τοῦτ' εἶναι (καὶ) τὸ ὀρθόν· καὶ ἂν αὐθις γ' ἕτερον μεταβῇ, ἐκεῖνο δὲ μηκέτι καλῇ, οὐδὲν ἦττον τὸ ὑστερον ὀρθῶς ἔχειν τοῦ προτέρου, ὥσπερ, εἰ τοῖς οἰκέταις ἡμεῖς μετατιθέμεθα, [οὐδὲν ἦττον τοῦτ' εἶναι ὀρθόν τὸ μετατεθὲν τοῦ πρότερον κειμένου]· οὐ γὰρ φύσει ἐκάστω πεφυκέναι ὄνομα οὐδὲν οὐδενί, ἀλλὰ νόμῳ καὶ ἔθει τῶν ἐθισάντων τε καὶ καλούντων.

ΚΡΑΤΥΛΟΣ — II.

The glottologist would rather know of what old forms arose and to what new forms words gave life, he finds indeed, through Plato's critical reagents, but ashes left him.

Plato [to give but a few instances] traces (1):

Ἀγαμέμνων to ἀγαστός κατὰ τὴν ἐπιμονήν, *mirabilis perseverantia vir* [WONDEROUS LY PERSEVERING MAN].

ἀγαθός (probus) to ἀγαστός-θός, *mirabilis - velox*.

ἄγwis, *dux*, to ἄγω, *duco* [ἄϊζ, goat (Max Muller's B. of W. 132)].

Ἄιδης (Erebus) to ἀειδές, *invisible*, or to εἰδέναι, *nosse*.  
ἀήρ — αἰθήρ either to ἀέρα ρέων, *circa aerem fluens*  
or to αἶπει, *elevat*, to ἀεὶ ρεῖ *semper currit* or  
to ἀήτες, *flamina* [winds. Od. IX, 139.]

Ἀθηνᾶ, Minerva, to αὐτὸν νοῦν καὶ διάνοιαν... *ipsam mentem, cogitationemque....* or θεῖα νόουσης, *utpote quae divina cognoscas*.

ἄλιον-ἥλιον, sol, to ἀλίζειν, *congregare*, αἰολεῖν, *variare*, or ἀεὶ εἶλει, *semper volvitur*.

ἀλήθεια (veritas) to θεία ἄλη, *divina quaedam vagatio*.

ἀκολασία, *intemperantia*, to ἀκολουθία τοῖς πράγμασιν, *quaedam rerum consecutio*.

ἀμαθία, *inscitia*, to ἅμα [ὁμό-] θεῷ ἰόντος πορεία, *simul cum deo euntis progressus*.

ἀνία, *tristitia*, to το ἐμποδίζον τοῦ ἵνα, *quod impedit ire*.

ἀναγκαῖν, *necessarium*, to ἄγκος ἰόν, *pervallem vadens*.

ἄνθρωπος to ἀναθρῶν ἃ ὅπωπε, *contemplans quae vidit*.

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(1) Marginal notes of ours are added in brackets.

ἀδικία, *iniustitia*, το ἐμπόδισμα τοῦ δαιόντος, *obstaculum eius quod discurrit per omnia*.

Ἄρτεμις το ἄρταμες, *integra*, ἀρετῆς Ἰστωρ, *virtutis conscia* or ἄροτον μισοσίσης, *quasi congressum oderit*. [*Diana (Divāna) heavenly*].

ἀρετή, *virtus*, το, ἀειρείτη, ἀεὶ ρέον, *semper fluens* or το ἕξις αἰρετωτάτη, *maxime eligenda*.

Αἰπόλος — *biformis filius Mercurii*, το ἀεὶ πολῶν, *semper volutans*. [*fluxus*].

ἄρρεν-άνηρ-ἀνδρεία (fortitudo) το ἄνω ροή, *sursum ἄστρα* το ἀστραπῇ, *coruscatio* or τὰ ὦπα ἀναστρέφει, *visum ad se convertit*.

Ἄρης (Mars) το ἄρρεν, *masculum*, ἀνδρεῖον, *forte*, ἄρπτος, *asper* [Márut. sk. MAR. See: Kuhn's Zeitsch.].

Ἀφροδίτη (Venus) το ἐκ ἰφροῦ, *ex spuma* - (Hesiodus).

Ἀπόλλων το ἀπλοῦς, *simplex*, ἀεὶ βάλλων, *perpetuus jaculator*, ἀπολούων, *expiator*, ὁμοπλοῦν, *convertens*. [Oscan Ἀπελλοῦν.]

Ἀτρεΰς (*Pelopeius Atreus*) το ὀτειρής, ἀτρεστος, ἀτηρός, *indomitus, inexorabilis, noxius*. [Ovid.]

γυνή (mulier) το γονή, *foecunda et generatrix*.

γῆ-γαῖα (terra) το γεννήτειρα, *genitrix*.

Βουλή (consilium) το βολή, *jactus*. [*jactus*].

δόξα (opinio) το διώξις, *persecutio*, or τόξου βολή, *arcus*

δειλία (ignavia) το δεσμός ὁ λῖαν, *vinculum forte*.

δίκαιον (justum) το διαῖον, *percurrrens et permanans*.

δικαιοσύνη (iustitia) το δικαίου σύνεσις, *iusti intel-*

Διόνυσος το διδοὺς τὸν οἶνον, *vini dator*. [*ligentia*.

Δημήτηρ (Ceres) το διδοῦσα μήτερ, *exhibens mater*.

Δία - Ζῆνα - (Jupiter) το δι' ὃν ζῆν, *per quem vita  
semper viventibus omnibus inest*.

δέρον (opportunum) το δεσμός, *vinculum quoddam*.

Ἔρως (Amor) το εἰσρεῖ, *influit*.

Ἑρμῆς (Hermes) το ἱρμηνεύς, *interpretes* or *εἶρειν  
ἐμήσατο*, *loqui machinatus est*. [Virg. Aen. 4.]

ἐπιστήμη, *scientia*, το ἵστησιν, *sistit*. [*eunti*.

ἐκούσιος (voluntarium) το εἶχον τῷ ἰόντι, *cedens*

ζυγόν (jugum) το δυοῖν ἕνεκα δέσεως ἐς ἀγωγὴν  
(duorum ligandi gratia adductio).

Ἥρα (Juno) το ἐρατή, *amabilis*.

ἡδονή (voluptas) το ὄνησις, *utilitas*.

Ἡφαιστος (Vulcanus) το φάεος ἵστωρ, *luminis praeses*.

Ἥρως το ἐκ ἔρωτος, *ex amore*, or το εἶρειν *dicere*.

Θεός (Deus) το Θεῶν, *currens*. [*Deva*, bright,  
sun. See : *Rigveda-Sanhitá* 1, 50, 8.]

Θῆλυ (foemina) το ἀπὸ τῆς θηλῆς, *ex papilla*.

Ἴρις (Iris) το εἶρειν, *loqui*. [or το θάλλειν, *florescere*.

ἡμέρα, ἡμέρα (dies) το ἡμείρουσιν, *desiderantibus*,  
or το ἡμερα, *mansueta* [*domestic animals*.]

κίνησις (motus) το ἵεσις, *itio* [*gehung*, *allée*.]

ἱστορία [historia] το ἵστησι τὸν ῥοὺν, *sistit fluxum*,  
or πιστὸν ἱστᾶν, *fidum statuere*.

- κερδάλεος (utile) το ἀπὸ τοῦ κέρδους, *ex lucrò*.  
 λύπη (dolor) το διαλύσας, *dissolutio*. [minuit.  
 λυσιτελοῦν (utile) το ἀνέλωμα ἀπολύη, *sumptus*  
 Λήτω, Λητώ το ἐβελήμων, *libens* or λειος ἥθους (*μο-  
 μνήμη, memoria*, το μονή, *mansio*. [ris lene).  
 μηχανή (*machinatio*) το μήκος ἀνε.ν *multum per-  
 μῆν* (*mensis*) το μειοῦσθαι, *minuere*. [ficere.  
 νόησις, *intellectio*, νέου ἔσις, *novi desiderium*.  
 Οὐρανία (Urania) το ὁρῶσα τὰ ἄνω, *videns supera*.  
 οἴσις, *existimatio*, το οἴσις, *ingressus*.  
 ὀδύνη (dolor) το ἐνδύσις, *ingressio*.  
 Ποσειδῶν (Neptunus) το ποσί-δεσμον ὦν, *peditum vin-  
 culum habens*, or ὁ σείων, *quatiens*. [inens.  
 σελήνη (luna) το σέλας νέον ἔνον, *lumen novum et*  
 στάσις (statio) το ἀπόφασις τοῦ εἶναι, *negatio*  
*ipsius ire*. [comitari.  
 σύνεσις (intelligentia) το συνιέναι, *rei animum*  
 σῶμα (corpus) το σῆμα τῆς ψυχῆς, *sepulchrum*  
 τέχνη (ars) το ἐξίς νοῦ, *habitus mentis*. [animae.  
 Τάνταλος το τάλας, *infelicissimus* [Pind. 1.]  
 φρόνησις, *prudentia* το φορᾶς καὶ ῥοῦ νόησις, *la-  
 tionis et fluxus animadversio*.  
 ψυχή (anima) το φύσιν ὅχει καὶ ἔχει, *quae natu-  
 ram vehit et continet*.  
 ψεῦδος (*mendacium*) το καθεύδω, *dormio*.

Here let us pause.

Very much left to the delusive guidance of mere similarity of sound and meaning, we might be led to give to those artificial jointures of his own making, in which Plato, with no rigid test or clue to their historical elements, fancifully dissects words, an air of positiveness, in almost no degree, real or appreciable.

Etymology of a word ought to bring us, step by step, generation after generation, without a break, very far off, from the old couch of a word to its very cradle, in which lay nurtered, the first offshoots, from which, through different degrees and rates of phonetic change, it was to come.

I propose in this glossary producing the little I can draw from the feeding grounds and affluents of Chaucer's language, within the narrow boundaries of my range of sight and daily study.

May some other, more learned than I, add fulness to these faint stray murmurs of Chaucer's headwaters and sound the depths of the rushing mighty stream.

**A** - one, angl. *an*, sk. *ekah, eka, ekam* (é(na)ha?)  
gr. εἷς (1) ξ-ν-ς lat. *oi-nos, unus*, got. *ái-n-s*.

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(1) Forme ascendenti: *anglosassone, gotico, latino, greco, sanscrito*; forme discendenti: *inglese, tedesco*, forme parallele neolatine *antico francese, provenzale, francese moderno, spagnuolo, portoghese* — segue glosa: origine morfologica ed etimologica.

**a** - *in* - sk. *ni* (*and*) gr. ἐνι, ἐν, got *in*. ant. nor. *ī*.

**abaysed** - *abayst* - abashed, abawed, fr. *s' é-bahir* - confuso.

**abegge**, **abeye** (aboght, aboughte) to atone for,  
to aby - pagare il fio.

**abet** - istigazione, segnatamente al crimine.

**abbot** - basso lat. *abbas* (*abba(t)s*), sir. e cald.  
*abba* (padre), got. *aba* (marito).

**able** - ant. fr. *able*, norm. *able*, lat. *habilis*,  
got. *abrs*, cf. lat. *adeptus*.

**aboute** - angls. *ábútan*, *onbútan*, ymb-ût-an (dal  
suff. avv. *an*). [*from out*].

**aboven** - angls. *abúfan*, contr. da *a-be-ufan*,  
gr. ἐπὶ, ἐπέρ, sk. *úpa*.

**abrayde**, **abreyde** - awake, abraid, adawe - desto.

**abusion** - abuse, inganno, lat. *ab-usus*.

**ablynge** - conferente potere a - (*ablynge hem*  
*to his propre office* - Boecc. 220).

**ablucions** - ablutions - abluzioni (dal lat. *ab-luo*).

**acorded**, *accordaunt* - fr. accord, cf. lat. *concors*.

**achaat**, *achatours* - fr. *acheter*, ant. fr. *achater*, lat. *accaptare*, gr. ἐπιδάμην (?).

**accesse**, crisi febbrile (dal lat. *ad-cedere*).

**accidie**, *accidy*, gr. ἀκνδία, ἀκνδεια, lat. *acedia*,  
ant. fr. *accidy*. [*ἀ-κνδής*, careless, Od.  
XVII, 319].

**achoken**, choke, angls. **accœcian**, isl. *koka*,  
V<sup>-</sup>kuk (Skeat), soffocare.

**acloieth** - impedisce - (who so doth, ful foule  
himself acloyeth. *Parl. of Foules*, 517).

**acontyng**, accounting (lat. *computo*, fr. *compte*).

**acorse** - accurse - angls. *cursian* (per met. da  
*cross*?) [gr. *σαυρωτήρ*, calce de l'asta?].

**acoye** - calmare - (how best her herte for t'a-  
coye - Troilus V. 782).

**adamant** - lat. *adamant-s* (gr. *ἄδαμας* (*ἀ-δαμῶ*)).

**advocacyes** - (lat. *advocatus*, fr. *avocat*).

**adoun**, adown, angls. *â-dûne*, da una collina.

**adrad**, *adread* (pr. *a* int. e *dread*, angls. *droed*)  
atterrito. [V<sup>-</sup>*ae*, ingl. *ee*].

**adversitee** - (dal lat. *ad-vertere*, sk. *vrt*, got.  
*vairths*) [ant. ted. *wërdan*].

**added** (lat. *addere* da *ad* affine a sk. *adhi*, gr. (*ᾷ*)*ῥι*).

**affeccoun**, affection (lat. *ad-fectare*).

**affye**, affy, lat. *ad-fidere*, ant. fr. *afier*, affine  
ad *affiancer* [gr. *πειθω*?].

**afyne**, infine - (*tyl grapes be rype, and wel*  
*afyne* - Rom. of the Rose, 3690).

**afounde**, perire - (*My love may not... afounde.*  
- *Rosemounde*, 21).

**after**, angls. *æfter*, forma comparativa da *af*,  
ant. pers. *apa-tara-n*.

**affile**, fr. *affiler* (lat. *ad-filum*) - aguzzare.



**aferd, afraid** (angls. *â-fâiran*, affray, fr. *ef-frayer*, basso lat. *exfrigidare*).

**agaste, aghast** - ant. fr. *agacer*, ant. alt. ted. *haſian*, ted. *hetzen*.

**aggreggeth** - (lat. *ad-gravare*, ant. fr. *a-gregier*).

**agilten**, offendere - (*he shall no more agilten in this wise* - *Legende*, 438).

**agrief** - prov. *gren* (dal lat. *gravis*).

**agree** - fr. *agr  er* (dal lat. *gratus*).

**agryse** - (agroos, agrose) angls. *  grisan*, tremare.

**agroteyd, ristucco** - (but for I am agroteyd here.... *Legende*, 2454).

**aguler, aguiler** (fr. *aiguille*, needle), agoraio.

**agayn** - angls. *  g  n*, *gegn*, *gegnes*. con suff. gen.

**age**, fr. *  ge*, basso lat. *aetaticum*, lat. *aetas*, contr. da *aevitas*, ant. fr. *  dage*, sk. *  y-us*.

**alderbest, allerbest, migliore di tutti** (il *d*    ridondante).

**algate** - isl. *gata*, via, sp. *todas vias*, sempre.

**alwey-s** - angls. *eal-weg* - sempre.

**ale** - angls. *eale*, isl. *  l*, *V   l* (gael.) (Wedgwood).

**alderman** - angls. *ealdorman*, anziano, dan. *jarl*, *jealdra* - (earl).

**alyght** - angls. *  lihtan*, *gelihtan*.

**al** (awl) angls. *awul*, oel, *eal*, *  l*, ted. *ahle* cf. isl. *kunnleikr*, lesina.

**alambic**, ar. *al emb  q*, gr. *      *, fr. *alambic*.

**alayer**, alloys, fr. *aloi*, sp. *ley* (dal lat. *ad-legem*).

**alenge**, miserabile? gr. *εἰκτός*.

**alkamystre**, alchemist (ar. *al*. e gr. *χημεία*?)

**allowe** (fusione dal fr. *allouer*, lat. *ad-locare* e *allouer*, lat. *ad laudare*).

**almanderes**, gr. *ἀμυγδαλή*, *ἀμυγδάλινος χρίσμα* fr. *amende*, ted. *mandel*.

**almesse**, alms, gr. *ἐλεημοσύνη*, angls. *aelmesse*, ted. *almsen*. [paralleli.

**almycanteras**, almucantars, ar. *almuqantarat* - **almury**, la lancetta d'un astrolabio.

**alose**, lodare - (*he shal som Grek so preyse and wel alose* - *Troilus IV*, 1473).

**alpes**, fringuelli marini (*alpes*, *fynches*, and *wodewales* - *Rom*. 658).

**aketoun**, *aketon*, fr. *hoqueton*, ar. *al-q'oton*, tunica trapunta (origin. con cotone).

**aknow**, aknowledge - (gr. *γινώσκω*. *γινώσκω*).

**amblere**, ant. fr. *ambler* (lat. *ambulo*) - cara-collante. [amongst.

**amonges**, angls. *among* (da *mengan*?) fattitivo.

**am**, *ar*, *are* (*am*) - angls. *eom*, lat. *sum*, gr. *εἰμί*, sk. *asmi*.

**amorwe**, angls. *morgen*, got. *ga-maurgjan*, gr. *om*. *ἐν νυκτὶς ἀμολγῶ*.

**amadriades**, hamadriads, gr. *ἄμα* [*δρῦς*, oak] *wood-nymphs* [*virae querquetulanae*].

- amalgamyng** - (gr. *μαλάσσω*) - amalgama.
- amenuse, amanuced, amenusynge** - diminuire.
- ambages** - (lat. *amb-ago*) - ambagi.
- amoeved, ameved** - cambiato, disturbato.
- amercimentz** (fr. *amercié*, at mercy, fines).
- amonesten** (lat. *ad-monere*) it. *admonestare*.
- amphibologyes**, gr. *ἀμφιβολία* (*ἀμφι-βίλλω*).
- and**, angls. *ond*, got. *an*, gr. *ἀντί*, sk. *anti*, ted.  
*und*, da una consonante primitiva.
- anlaas** (anlace) alt. ant. ted. *an-lar* (a-lato) -  
 pugnale. [anoon, anone.
- anon** (at once) angls. *on-ân*, a traverso *anon*,
- another**, angls. *ôther*, got. *anthar*, lat. *alter* -  
 sk. *anyatara*. gr. *ἕτερος*.
- any**, angls. *aênig*, cf. form. paral. *naênig*,  
 ted. *einig*, affine al gr. om. *ἴδιον*.
- ancille** - lat. *ancella*. [enkel, V<sup>ang</sup>.
- anclee, ankle**, angls. *ancleow*, *oncleow*, ted.
- ancre**, anchor, angls. *ancor*, lat. *ancora*, gr.  
*ἄγκυρα*, fr. *ancre*, ted. *anker*.
- angres, angerly**, angls. *ange*, got. *aggwus*, gr.  
*ἄγκω ἄγκι*, lat. *ango*, fr. *angoisser*.
- anguysschous, angwyssous** - (got. *agis*, gr. *ἄγκος*)  
 angosciato. *Angor est aegritudo pre-*  
*anientissed* - annichilato. [mens. Cic.
- annueleer** - prete celebrante messe anniversarie.

- anoyouse**, inquieto - noioso - (*anoyouse thin-  
ges* - Parson's tale, 728). [choirs.
- anti-phoner** - gr. ἀντί-φωνος, alternate singing in
- anvelt**, anvil, angls. anfilt (*an-fealdan*) ted.  
*amboss* (lat. *incus*) gr. ἄκμων, fr. *enclume*.
- Aprille** (April) angls. *Aprelis*, got. *April* - (dal  
lat. *aperio*) [ab ἀπρός, spuma. Ovid. 4. Fast.]
- apostles**, (gr. ἀποστέλλω, ἀπόστολος) angls. Apostol.
- ape**, angls. *apa*, sk *kapi* (*kapila*, *kapisa*) ted.  
*affe* (la gutt. è sparita) (gr. κήπος) (garden)?
- apiked**, orlato (dal lat. *apex*). [care.
- apayed** (pleased) - ant. fr. *apaier*, lat. *ad-pa-*
- apaisen** - appease - calmare.
- aparaunce** - appearance - (lat. *ad-pareo*).
- apeyren** - *apeire* - impair.
- appalled** - ant. fr. *appalir* (dismay).
- approwours** (fr. *approuver*, lat. *ad-probo*).
- aqueyntaunce** - (ant. fr. *accointer*, pr. *accoin-*  
*dar*, basso lat. *accognitare*. [dicare.
- arace** - ant. fr. *aracer*, fr. *arracher*, lat. *era-*
- arblasters**, arbalisters, arcieri - (ant. fr. *arba-*  
*leste* - lat. *arcus* e gr. βάλλω.
- arede**, angls. *araedian* - interpretare.
- aresoneth** - ant. fr. *arraisoner*. [Rom. 3327).
- arette** - contare - (...should arette falsheed -
- argoille** - tartaro - fr. *argile*, lat. *argilla*.

- arrest** - boccia dello sprone. [Tr. I. 388].
- arten** - costringere - (...to arten her to love...
- arreste** - lat. *ad-restare*, fr. *arrêter*.
- arrerage** - arrearage - (dal fr. *arrière*).
- artow** - crasi di *art thou*.
- arwes** - angls. *arewe*, affine ad *earch earn* (veloce) gr. *ίός*, isl. *örr*, ant. ted. *arf*.
- arm** - angls. *earm*, got. *arms*, lat. *armus* (gr. *ἄρμυι*) V<sup>-</sup>ap (sk). [lat. *ars*.
- art** - sk V<sup>-</sup>aep, affine a gr. *ἐρετμόν, ἀρόω, ἄρουρα*,
- aryght**, angls. *riht*, ted. *recht*, got. *raihts*, sk. *riju*, gr. *ῥεχτός, (ῥέγω)* prosteso.
- array** - affine a got. *raidjan*, ant. fr. *arroy* (ted. *bereit*?) arredo, [lat. *supellex*].
- aryve** (arrival) - basso lat. *ad-ripare* pr. *aribar*, fr. *arriver*.
- assent** (e) - dal lat. *ad-sentior* (*συναίρῃω*?).
- astronomye**, gr. *ἀστήρ, νόμος* (*νέμω*).
- as-als** - contr. da l' angls. *EALLSWA* (all-so) a traverso *ALSWA*, also. [zodiaco.
- ascendent** (ascendant) oroscopo, segno de lo
- assise** (assize) fr. *assises* (dal lat. *adsideo*).
- assoilyng**, ant. fr. *assoiler*, lat. *absolvere*.
- a-stored** (ant. fr. *estor*, dal lat. *instaurare*).
- ascapen** (escape) ant. fr. *escaper*, fr. *echapper* (*ex-cappa*?) ted. *entgehen*.

- ascaunce** - come se - dan. *schuins*, ant. fr. *a scanche* (Canon's Jeoman's Tale, 838).
- ascry** - fr. *criér*, lat. *quiritare*, sp. *gritar*, ant. sp. *cridar*, ted. *schrein* (onomat.).
- ashen** - angls. *asce*, ted. *asche*, dan. *ask*, got. *aʒgo* - (lat. *oesculus*), ingl. mod. *ashes*.
- aspe** - angls. *aspen*, ted. *espe*, isl. *ösp*, dan. *asp*.
- aslake** - deprimere - (*the water shal aslake and goon away*. Miller's Tale A. 3552).
- assay** - lat. *exagium*, ant. fr. *essay*, *assai*.
- assetth** - ant. fr. *aset*, *aseʒ*, fr. *asseʒ*, pr. *assats*, lat. *ad-satis* [ἀλῖς]. [aʒur.
- asure** - aʒure - ar. *aʒʒ-aq*, lat. med. *laʒur*, fr.
- asweved** - abbagliato, angls. *a-swefan*.
- a-slope** - angls. *slopen*, isl. *slapa* (aside).
- at atte** (at the) angls. *act*, got. *at*, lat. *ad*, sk. *adhi* (nessuna traccia in tedesco).
- atanes** - *at once* - immediatamente.
- atazir** - planetario influxo avverso.
- ateyne** - attain - fr. *atteindre*, lat. *attingere*, pr. *ateigner*, ant. fr. *ataindre*.
- atempance** - (lat. *temperamentum*) V<sup>-</sup>τεμ?
- athinken** - cruciare - (*the whiche right sore wolde athinken me*. Tr. V. 878).
- atyr** - attire - ted. *zieren*, angls. *tir*, ant. fr.
- aton** - *atton* - assieme. [attirer.

**at wyne**, a parte, (*the wyf and thou moote hange far at wyne*, A. 3589).

**auditor** - revisore - [formazione neo-latina; suff. **tor** sk. **tar**].

**augrym** - *angrim*, *algim*, aritmetica (da Al. Kharizmy, matematico Arabo).

**auntreds** - fortunoso - (auntred).

**auter** - (lat. *altare*) - altar - *formazione neo-latina* - suff. - **ri**, gr. *βωμός*?

**avale** - cadere - (fr. *avalier*, basso lat. *a-valare*, *ad vallem*).

**avowtrie** - ant. fr. *avouterie*, *avulterie*.

**await** - *awaytour* - ant. fr. *awaitier*, fr. *guetter*.

**awaytes** - ambushes - *Thousand perils lie in close await*. Spenser.

**awen** - own - angls. *âgen*, basso ted. *êgen*, ted. *eigen* - dan. *egen*.

**awmere**, **awmenere** - bisaccia delle elemosine.

**awreke** - (awroken) angls. *awrecan* - vendicare.

**awe**, angls. *ege óga*, got. *agis*, gr. *ἄχος*, dan. *ave*, isl. *agi* [got. *ôgan*, temere].

**avaunce** - advance - pr. *abans*, fr. *avancer* (lat. *ab* - ante) gr. *ἐμπροσθεν*.

**avaunt** - (dal lat. *vanus*, fr. *vanter*).

**aventure** - adventure - fr. *aventure*.

**avys** - advice - ant. fr. *advis* - (dal lat. *ad-visum*).

**ay** - angls. *ā*, *āwa*, got. *ains* - gr. *αἰς* (*αἰών*)  
aff. lat. *aevum*. [aesche.

**axe** - ask - angls. *ascian*, ant. ted. *eiscôn*, dan.

**azimutes** - ar. *as. samt* — *as* - *sumuth* - se-  
zioni d' un astrolabio.

**baar, bar, baren, born** - angls. *beran*, got. *bai-  
ran*, ted. *gebären*, sk. *brhi*, gr. *φέρω*.

**ba, kiss**, forma accorciata del fr. *baiser*, pr.  
*bâhi, banji* - Ba me. Miller's, A. 3709.

**babewynnes**, baboons, fr. *babouin*, affine a *baby*  
(da *babine*, large lip?).

**bachelorye** - fr. *bachelier*, mer. *baccalaureus*,  
*vaccalarius* (Diez, Littrè, Brochet).

**baggeth**, squints - ....*That baggeth foule and  
loketh faire*. Bl. 622.

**balkes, beams**, angls. *balca*, scit. *bank*, isl. *balkr*,  
dan. *bjelke*, ted. *balken*.

**balled, bald**, calvo (da *ball* o V<sup>—</sup>bal celt?).

**balaunce, hazard**, lat. *bilanx*, gr. *πῖναξ*.

**baillic, baily, bailiff**, ant. fr. *baillif, bailli*, bas-  
so lat. *ballivus*.

**baiten, feed** (scand.) angls. *bâtan, bâtran*.

**bale, harm**, angls. *beal*, isl. *böl*, ant. sass. *balu*.

**banes, bones**, angls. *báu*, dan. *been*, ted. *bein*.

**barbe, veil**, lat. *barba*, fr. *barbe*, ted. *bart*.

**barbour, barber**, fr. *barbier*, lat. *tonsor*?



**bareyne, barren**, ant. fr. *baraigne* (Diez lo rad-  
duce a *bar*, man).

**bargeyn**, ant. fr. *bargaine*, prov. *barganh* (bas-  
so lat. *barca*?).

**barm-cloth** - apron - grembiule, lap-cloth.

**basilicok** - *basilisk* - gr. βασιλεύς.

**bate**, accorc. di *debate*, angls. *bate*.

**bauderie** (dal ted. attraverso il fr.) ant. fr. *baud*.

**bawdryk, baldrik**, ant. fr. *baudrik*, lat. *balteus*.

**bake**, angls. *bacan*, ol. *balken*, ted. *backen*.

**bawnee, balm**, ant. fr. *baulme*, fr. *baume* (da  
l'ebr. *baal-shaman*).

**baudy** - dirt, gall. *bawaid*.

**bodes, beads**, angls. *bed*, preghiera (da *biddan*).

**beele** - good - ....for *beele cheere* - Prioress'  
Tale B. 1599.

**been, bees** - angls. *beô, bî, beôn, beônâ, beôum*  
(*beóm*) [sk. *ridu-pa*, form. dial. di *mridu*  
(*sweet*)?] isl. *by*, ted. *biene*, lat. *abee*.

**beere, bier** - angls. *boer*, fr. *bière*, ted. *bahre*,  
pr. *bera* [offshoot of sk. *bhar*, φέρω].

**bely** - bellows - angls. *boelg*, ted. *balg*, irl. *bolg*.

**beme**, angls. *byme* - (of brass they broughten *bemes*).

**bend** - (da l'angls. *bendan*, isl. *benda*). [borme.

**berme** - angls. *beorma*, dan. *bärme*, basso ted.

**berne, barn**, angls. *berern* (bere - oern - *bar-*  
*leystore*). [gr. Ζεῖαι (Ζεῖδος) celt. *eórna*.

**besaunt** (contr. da *Byzantium*) moneta bizantina in corso in Inghilterra dal X secolo al tempo di Edoardo III.

**beye**, buy - angls. *biegan*, got. *bugjan*.

**bi-bledde** (aff. angls. *blód*, (da *blowan*) got. *bloth*, ted. *blühen*, *blut*) *bloodied*, φλεῖν?

**bicched** (forse dal tema *pick*) - ted. *bickel*, dan. *bikkel*. [geheiss, ordine.

**beheste** - angls. *behaes*, forma analoga al ted.

**boon** - angls. *bâu*, ted. *bein*.

**boor** - angls. *bâr*, ted. *bêr*, dan. *beer*.

**boos** - fr. *bosse*, pr. *bossa*, ant. alto ted. *bôzo*.

**boot**, angls. *bât* - ted. *boot* - isl. *bátr* (d'origine scandinava). [boord.

**bord**, angls. *bord*, got. *baurd*, ted. *bord*, ol.

**bordels**, **brothel**, fr. *bordel*, got. *baurd* - (a bawdry house).

**bragot** - porzione di birra e miele - *brag-wort*.

**brat** - tabarro - angls. *bratt*, gall. e gael. *brat*.

**brawn** - ant. fr. *braon*, ant. alto ted. *braton*.

**breres**, **briars**, angls. *broer*, forse dal celt. (irl. *briar*, gael. *preas*).

**brybe**, bribe (fr. *bribe* - offa).

**brocage** - angls. *brúcan*, dan. *brug*, ted. *brauchen*.

**broche**, fr. *broche*, basso lat. *brocca*.

**brode**, **broad**, angls. *brád*, got. *braids*, ted. *breit*.

**brokkinge** - throbbing - *He singeth brokking  
as a nightingale.* Ch.

**brouds**, angls. *brand*, isl. *brandr*, dan. *brand*.

**bukke**, angls. *bucca*, ted. *bock*, isl. *boc* - gall. *bwch*  
(Grimm ritiene che la radice sia teutona  
e le forme celtiche accattate) [flour.]

**bulte** - bolting cloth - [to separate bran from

**burdens** - angls. *byrthen*, got. *baurthei*, ted.

**burnettes** - panno di color blu. [burde.

**busk**, dan. *busk*, ted. *busch* - ...was in a bush... Ch.

**buxom** - angls. *buhsom*, ted. *biegsam*, ol. *buig-*

**by** - angls. *bi* - ted. *bei*, got. *bi*. [ʔaam.

**carl** (scandinavo; isl. dan. sv. *karl*, uomo).

**carpe** (affine a l'isl. *karpa* ed al lat. *carpo*)  
ciarlare [to cavil at petulantly.]

**chapman** - (angls. *ceâpman*, mercante, da *ceâp*  
- commercio, affine al dan. *koop-man*  
ed al ted. *kaufmann*). [contratto.

**chevyssaunce** - (ant. fr. *chevir*, venire a capo)

**courtepy** - (dan. *kort*, corto, *pije*, tunica).

**covyne** - (fr. *couvine*, dal lat. *convenire*) collusione.

**daliaunce** - (ant. alto ted. *dahlen*, ingl. mod.  
*dalliance*) ciarla.

**daunger** - (fr. *danger* ch' il Littrè deriva da  
una forma fittizia latina *dominiarium*  
ed il Wedgwood dal lat. *damnum*) giu-  
risdizione.

**deyerye** - (isl. *deigja*, lattaia) cascina.

**deys** - (ingl. mod. *dais* - fr. *dais*, dal lat. *discus*) tavola d'onore.

**doked** - (da l'isl. *docker*, codino) tagliato corto.

**endite** - (dal lat. *indicere*) comporre.

**fee** - (angls. *feoh* pecora, ted. *vieh*, affine al lat. *pecus*, alto ted. *fihu*) *fee symple or absolute* in contrapposto a *limited fee* - feudo.

**fetys** - (fr. *fait*) - ben fatto. [torturato.

**forpyned** - (*for.* intens. e *pine* angls. *pînan*)

**fother** - (angls. *fôther*, ted. *fuder*, *fuhr*) il carico d'un carro. [proprietario.

**frankeleyn** - (ant. fr. dal lat. *francus*) libero

**gobet** (gael. *gob*, bocca) boccone (fr. *gobet*).

**haberdasshere** (da l'ant. fr. *hapertas*, una specie di panno) rivenditore.

**habergeon** - (da *hals*, gola e *bergen*, difendere - ant. alto ted. *halsberg*, fr. *haubergeon*)

armatura consistente in una tunica senza maniche, formata di piccoli anelli di ferro e d'acciaio contesti, discendente dal collo in mezzo al corpo.

**halwes** (angls. *hâlig*, ted. *heilig*, ingl. *holy*) santi metonimicamente per santuari.

**harlot** (gall. *herlawd*, giovincello, *herlodes*, giovincella, ant. fr. *harlot*).

- hyne** (angls. *hine*) contadino.
- jangler** (ant. fr. *jangler*, basso ted. e dan. *jangelen*) ciarlone. [tiro, scherzo.]
- jape** (isl. *geipa*, affine a scozzese *gab*, bocca)
- jet** - (fr. *gette*) contegno. [re, armeggiare.]
- juste** - (ant. fr. *juster*, dal lat. *juxta*) giostra-
- knarre** - (ted. *knorren*) nodo, nocchio d'albero.
- knobb**es (angls. *cnoep*, ted. *knopf*) pustola.
- lazar** (ant. fr. *lazare* da *Lazarus* (Luke) sp. *lazaro*) lebbroso.
- leed** (angls. *loed*, piombo) paiuolo.
- lewed** (angls. *loewed* da *loewan*, indebolire) laico, ignorante.
- male** (isl. e gael. *mala*, ant. alto ted. *malaha*, fr. *malle*) valigia. È dubbio se sia stato introdotto ne le lingue romanze dal celtico o dal tedesco.
- mortreux** (da *mortar*) una pietanza di carne o pesce di varia foggia battuta assieme.
- mewe** - (fr. *mue*, dal lat. *mutare*) muda, nascondiglio [i. m. MEW omofona *to mew* (dan. *miauen* ?)] fr. *miauler*.
- neet** - (angls. *neât* da *neôtan*, usare) bestiame bovino [i. m. NEAT (gr.  $\pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$ , pecus ?)].
- olde daunce** (fr. *danser*, ted. *tansen*) antico costume [OLD GAME.]

**pardee** (fr. *pardi*, forma oscurata di *par Dieu*, come *Egad* di *by God*) certo.

**partrich** - (fr. *perdrich*, ingl. mod. *partridge*, lat. *perdix*) beccaccia, gr. *πέρδιξ*.

**parvys** - (lat. *paradisus*) nome dato nel medio evo al pronao d'un tempio, perchè ne le antiche sacre rappresentazioni e misteri in questo spazio si raffigurava scenicamente il paradiso.

**pilwe-beer** (lat. *pulvinus*, dan. *peluwe*) foderetta.

**pitaunce** - (fr. *pitance*, lat. *pitantia*, ingl. mod. *pittance*) pietanza. Una porzione di cibo concessa al monaco - dal lat. *pietas*.

**poynaunt** - fr. *poignant* dal lat. *pungere*) piccante (*piquant*). [visione.

**purveiaunce** (fr. *pourvoir*, lat. *prevideo*) pre-  
**rage** (lat. *rabies*, cogn. al sk. *rabh*, agognare) trescare [*to romp, to wantonly*.]

**scathe** - (angls. *sceth, sceatha*, ted. *schade*) danno.

**sleighte** (ingl. mod. *sly*, ted. *schlau*) astuzia.

**snybben** (isl. *snubba*) - rimbrottare.

**somnour** (lat. *summonere*, fr. *semondre*) usciere.

**spiced** (fr. *espèce*, lat. *species*), coscienza farisaica.

**stepe** - lucido - *bright*. [WITH EYEN STEPE. Ch.]

**swynk** - (angls. *swincan*, ted. *schwingen*) facchinaggio [toil]. [stoffa di seta.

**taffata** (fr. *taffetas*, dal pers. *tafthah*, tessuto)

**taillo** (fr. *tailleur*) incisioni su un pezzo di legno per conteggio.

**takei** (ingl. mod. *tackle*, da la rad. *tack*, irl. *taca*, chiodo) freccia.

**tapicer** - (lat. *tapes*) tappezziere, (upholsterer).

**tappestere** - (angls. *toeppe*, ted. *zapfen*, a traverso il fr. *tamp*, cavicchio) cantiniere.

**targe** - (ant. fr. *targue*, alt. ted. *zarga*) - targa.

**toft** - (scandinava - isl. *toft*) - ciuffetto, bosco.

**typet** - (angls. *toeppe*) capperone di frate usato come tasca.

**venerie** - (fr. *vénèrie*, dal lat. *venari*) caccia.

**vernycle** - (da una santa leggendaria per nome Veronica, la quale incontratasi con Cristo, curvo sotto il peso della croce, offrì il suo velo, perchè asciugasse il sudore da 'l viso che vi rimase su miracolosamente impresso - probabilmente deriva da *vera icon* (gr. *εἰκών*) vera immagine) [*a vernycle hadde he.... Ch.*].

**wantowne** - (dal prefisso *wan* denotante *deficienza* e *toiven*, angls. *togen*, *gelogen*, part. pass. di *teón* - educare) - lascivo.

**wastel-breed** (ant. fr. *wastel*, *gastel*, fr. mod. *gâteau*, focaccia. - Littrè congettura che possa derivare da l' ant. alto tedesco *wastjan*, dissipare, pel suo relativo di-

spendio - cita il termine: *pain perdu*, usato a significare una specie di focaccia nelle Fiandre Francesi) una specie di pane fino e bianco inferiore solo al più fine, detto *simnel bread*.

**wood** - (angls. *wód*, got. *wods* affine a *Woden* (Odino degli Scandinavi). Grimm lo fa scaturire da l'angls. *wadan*, isl. *vada*, lat. *vado*) matto.

**wrestlynge** (frequent. di *wrest*, angls. *wroestlian*, dan. *worstelen*) contesa.

**wrighte** - (angls. *wyrhta* da *wyrkan*, ingl. mod. *work*, della stessa radice del greco ἐργάζομαι, ἔργω) lavoratore.

**wympul** - (angls. *winpel*, probabilmente massalizzato ed affine a *whip*) - capperone.

**yeddinges** - (isl. *goeda*, scozzese *yed*, favoleggiare) canzone o ballata - in specie canto d'un menestrello.

**yeldyng** - (da l'angls. *gildan* - cedere, rendere, affine a *guild*) - prodotto.

**yeman** - (manca in angls. di dubbia origine - Potrebbe essere affine al fris. *gaman*, *gamon*, uomo di contado (*ga* = ted. *gau*) - o a *gyman* protettore, da l'angls. *gyrne* - cura (contadino indipendente).



Each word Chaucer chose may be comparable, as we easily see, to a hewn stone. The carving, shape, and weight are his own, but the lumber of pebbles, flints, rocks and nameless stony rubbish (for all fossils left at his door by all glacial moraines of every kind under heaven are bricks and mortars to him) he culled from the existing anglo-saxon and french-norman pits, between which two great wells of speech, he gets on towards selecting his poetical diction and imprinting it with the mint-mark of English coin.

Nay, if we consider it further, we may see, through the masonry of Chaucer's vocabulary, a whole underlying crypt, fiery fuliginous and full of cob-webs, which we call, for want of a better name, Romance and Saxon words, whose shokingly curious changes, both of form and meaning, if we carefully ponder them, mean much.

Many of them, implying terms concerning technicalities of alchemy, astrology and the ritual of the Romish Church, the stream of the civilization has left stranded with the arts, whose appendages they were.

Many have suffered to get wholly obsolete now; French-norman words not much above one hundred, Saxon words by far more, drifted far down from their native latitude into the equatorial stormy ocean of English mind, have got, arctic icebergs-like, to be thawed and dissolved there.

Of many others, dim, shapeless from their distance, etymological analysis, even through the deep changes, they have in nearly five centuries undergone, can

identify the historical authenticity and transition, WHICH IS INDEED OUR TASK HERE (1).

That Chaucer has done something, nay much, to get organic and consistent the inorganic body of the English language, cannot be doubted. Yet, still the question is: specially what? He coined no new words, nor aliens were Englished by him; his proved a mere sound winnowing and sifting; in his fermenting van so many philological heterogenities, loose miscellanies, jarring accidents rally, whirl heaven-ward, specifically-light, and hover tumbling in a new coalescence and intermixture of a kind named « Chaucerian poetical diction. »

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(1) ...ὁ ἐπιστόμενος περὶ ὀνομάτων τὴν δύναμιν αὐτῶν σκοπεῖ, καὶ οὐκ ἐκπλήττεται, εἰ τι πρόσκειται γράμμα ἢ μετάρχεται ἢ ἀφίρεται, ἢ καὶ ἐν ἄλλοις παντίπασιν γράμμασιν ἐστὶν ἡ τοῦ ὀνόματος δύναμις...

(The scientist of language acknowledges their power, even though some letter is added, changed by metathesis, worn off, or though the words may be in quite other letters cast).

ΠΛΑΤΩΝ. ΚΡΑΤΥΛΟΣ. XIII.

A consistent lexical, grammatical and ortographical system dwells, ducked under, into the various readings of Chaucer's manuscripts.

Few remarks respecting it D.<sup>r</sup> Corson offers in his *Synopsis of Chaucer's Grammatical Forms* See our PROLEGOMENI, Modica, 1903.



\* \* \*

δοξαν ἔχω τιν' ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ ἀκόντας λιγυρᾶς,  
ἧ μ' ἐθέλοντα προσέρπει καλλιρόισι πνοαῖς.

PINDAR'S ODES, O. VI, 82-3.

What was to be said of Chaucer's Pardoner, we did already say: RAG, SNIP, FIG.

Let us then go on without call to linger, for he will soon have done with it: a new era is coming, the future all the sunnier and shinier that the past was dim, ill—defined, tarnished.

*Now you have heard. . the state, array, number and the cause too, why thus assembled was the company at that genteel hostelry, called the Tabard, in Southward, close by the Bell, is time to tell you how we spent the night and afterwards our voyage and all the remnant of our pilgrimage.*

Such a quaint sign-board — THE TABARD — swinging over our hostelry must have had a history of its own, quite as odd as that of similar London insignia, one of which, THE PINE-APPLE, D.<sup>r</sup> Samuel Johnson made famous. Useful as landmarks, when the numbering of the streets was not yet found out, they were as much property as trade-marks are to day.

*Our host made a great cheer to each of us, and at supper set us anon, and served us with vitail at best. Strong was the wine and well we pleased to drink. A*

*seemly man was our host to all, fit to be a marshal in a hall; large, steep-eyed; a fairer burgess there were none in London Cheapside. Tongue-bold, wise, well-taught, manly. He was merry too and, after supper, being our reckoning made, he spoke jolly thus:*

NOW, LORDS, YOU HAVE BEEN HEARTILY WELCOME TO ME, AND I AVOW YOU ARE THE MERRIEST COMPANY I SAW THIS YEAR, AND FAIN I WOULD GET YOU MERRIER STILL... AT NO COST. YOU GO TO CANTERBURY, GOD MAY SPEED YOU AND THE BLISSFUL MARTYR REQUITE YOU FAIRLY [QUITE YOW YOURE MEDEDE]. YOU PROPOSE, WELL I CAN GUESS, TO SPEAK, WHILE RIDING THROUGH THE WAY FOR THERE IS NO COMFORT, NEITHER MIRTH, TO RIDE DUMB AS STONES. IF YOU LIKE, ALL BY ONE ASSENT, TO STAND TO [AT] MY JUDGEMENT, I SHALL MAKE YOU DISPORT. IF, BY MY DEAD FATHER'S SOUL, YOU SHALL NOT BE MERRY, SMITE MY HEAD OFF.

Thus high-handedly our host talks. First and last, his is as pertinaciously clear and peremptory a speech as Meinherr Mengs' reply to the merchant Philipson in Scott's whimsical sketch of a German Hostelry.

LORDS, NOW HEARK FOR THE BEST, TAKE NOT IT, PRAY, IN DISDAIN; THIS IS THE POINT TO SPEAK SHORT AND PLAIN: EACH OF YOU, TO SHORTEN OUR WAY, SHOULD TELL TWO TALES ON THE WAY TO CANTERBURY, AND TWO ON THE WAY HOMEWARD (OF ADVENTURES FORMERLY BEFALLEN). WHICH OF YOU TELLS THE BEST SOLACEFUL TALES SHALL HAVE A SUPPER AT THE COST OF US ALL, WHEN WE COME BACK FROM CANTERBURY. AND, TO MAKE YOU BY FAR THE MERRIER, I WILL GLADLY RIDE WITH YOU AT MY OWN COST, AND BE YOUR GUIDE. WHO GAINSAYS MY JUDGEMENT,

SHALL PAY ALL THAT WE SPEND BY THE WAY. IF YOU VOUCHSAFE IT, TELL ME STRAIGHT THAT I MAY EARLY SHAPE MYSELF THEREFORE....

A wonderful piece of talkative hum-bug and grimace, to be sure, this. While standing gaping in admiration before it, let the courtain fall, for the prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales is played already.

*....Next morning, when the day began to break, our host rose, and was the cock of us all, and gathered us together in a flock, and we rode forth slowly to the watering of St. Thomas, and there our host stopped his horse, and said :*

...SIR KNIGHT, MY MASTER AND LORD, NOW DRAW SLIPS [DRAWETH CUT], FOR THAT IS MY WILL. COME NEAR, MY LADY PRIORESS, AND YOU, SIR CLERK, LET YOUR SHAME-FACEDNESS BE OFF, STUDY NOT, STRETCH YOUR HAND TO EVERY ONE....

*....Were it by adventure, sort or chance, the lot fell to the knight.*

*....We rode forth and he began with a well merry cheer his tale anon.....*

TEΛΟΣ.



**Dello stesso Autore.**

*RECENTISSIMA PUBBLICAZIONE*

---

**J. Capone — COMMENTATIONES**

**AD CHAUCERUM — Accedunt: ΘΕΟΚΡΙ-**

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**ΛΙΟΝ Η΄. ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑΣ Θ. ΟΔΥΣΣΕΩΣ ΣΥΣΤΑ-**

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**ΑΠΑΤΗ. — In aedibus G. *Maltese*, Modica. MDCCCCIII.**

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DE L'INGEGNO E CULTURA DE L'AUTORE.

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